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EVENINGS IN AUTUMN;

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A

Series of Essays,

NARRATIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

B 225

BY

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ESSAYS ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE, OF SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES, AND OF WINTER NIGHTS.

Nunc — frondes autumno frigore tactas
Jamque malé hærentes alta rapit arbore ventus.
OVIDIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

RICHARD DRAKE, Esq.

OF YORK,

THESE VOLUMES,

AS INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF RYE-DALE

AND

OF RIVAULX ABBEY,

AND OBJECTS OF HIS HIGH AND JUST ADMIRATION,

ARE DEDICATED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

AND BROTHER,

NATHAN DRAKE.

Hadleigh, Suffolk,
December 10th, 1821.

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EVENINGS IN AUTUMN.

No. I

Remarquez-les surtout, lorsque la pâle automne,
Pris de la voir flétrir, embellit sa couronne.
Que de variété, que de pompe et d'éclat!
Le pourpre, l'orangé, l'opale, l'incarnat,
De leur riches couleurs étalent l'abondance.
Hélas! tout cet éclat marque leur décadence.
Tel est le sort commun. Bientôt les Aquilons
Des dépouilles des bois vont joncher les vallons;
De moment en moment la feuille sur la terre,
En tombant, interrompt le rêveur solitaire.
Mais ces ruines même ont pour moi des attraits.
Là, si mon cœur nourrit quelques profonds regrets,
Si quelque souvenir vient rouvrir ma blessure;
J'aime à mêler mon deuil au deuil de la nature.
De ces bois desséchés, de ces rameaux flétris,
Seul, errant, je me plais à fouler les débris.
Ils sont passés les jours d'ivresse et de folie;
Viens, je me livre à toi, tendre mélancholie;
Viens, non le front chargé des nuages affreux
Dont marche enveloppé le chagrin tenebreux,

Mais l'œil demi-voilé, mais telle qu'en automne
A travers des vapeurs un jour plus doux rayonne :
Viens, le regard pensif, le front calme, et les yeux
Tout prêts à s'humecter de pleurs délicieux.

DE LILLE.

EVENING, when the busy scenes of our existence are withdrawn, when the sun descending leaves the world to silence, and to the soothing influence of twilight, has ever been a favourite portion of the day with the wise and good of all nations. There appears to be shed over the universal face of nature, at this period, a calmness and tranquillity, a peace and sanctity, as it were, which almost insensibly steals into the breast of man, and disposes him to solitude and meditation. He naturally compares the decline of light and animation with that which attaches to the lot of humanity; and the evening of the day, and the evening of life, become closely assimilated in his mind.

It is an association from which, where vice and guilt have not hardened the heart, the most beneficial result has been ever experienced. It is one which, while it forcibly suggests to us the transient tenure of our being here, teaches us,

at the same time, how we may best prepare for that which awaits us hereafter. The sun is descending, but descending, after a course of beneficence and utility, in dignity and glory, whilst all around him, as he sinks, breathes one diffusive air of blessedness and repose. It is a scene which marshals us the way we ought to go; it tells us, that after having passed the fervor and the vigour of our existence, the morning and the noon of our appointed pilgrimage, thus should the evening of our days set in, mild yet generous in their close, with every earthly ardour softened or subdued, and with the loveliest hues of heaven just mingling in their farewel light.

It is a scene, moreover, which almost instinctively reminds us of another world; the one we are yet inhabiting is gradually receding from our view; the shades of night are beginning to gather round our heads; we feel forsaken and alone, whilst the blessed luminary now parting from us, and yet burning with such ineffable majesty and beauty, seems about to travel into regions of interminable happiness and splendour. We follow him with a pensive

and a wistful eye, and in the vales of glory which appear to open round his setting beams, we behold mansions of everlasting peace, seats of ever-during delight. It is then that our thoughts are carried forward to a Being infinitely good and great, the God and Father of us all, who, distant though he seem to be, and immeasurably beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, we yet know is about our path, and about our bed, and careth for us all; who has prepared for those who love him, scenes of unutterable joy, scenes to which, while rejoicing in the brightness of his presence, the effulgence we have faintly attempted to describe, shall be but as the glimmering of a distant star.

If associations such as these be often the result of our meditation as the *evening of the day* comes on, with how much more weight and solemnity must they be felt as pressing on our hearts, when to the influence of this silent hour shall be added the further consciousness that it is also the *evening of the year*.

AUTUMN has, indeed, and particularly the *Evening of Autumn*, been a chosen season for study and reflection with some of the most ex-

alted spirits of which our country can boast. Milton we know to have been so partial to this period of the year, and so impressed with a conviction of its friendliness to poetic inspiration, as to leave it on record that he felt the promptings of his genius most effectual and satisfactory to himself about the *Autumnal Equinox*; and his attachment to the *Twilight of Evening* is so conspicuous throughout the whole of his poetry, as to induce one of his commentators, unconscious one would imagine of the delightful influence of such an hour, to conjecture, "that "the weakness of our poet's eyes, to which this "kind of light must be vastly pleasant, might "be the reason that he so often introduces the "mention of it." *

To Thomson, who partook of much of the sublimity, and possessed an ample share of the pensive enthusiasm of Milton, we are indebted for an express tribute to Autumn, as the season *best* suited to philosophic thought and poetic composition. The passage is so direct to my purpose, and so decidedly expressive of the

* Todd's Milton, vol. iii. p. 131. note.

opinion of the poet, as the result of his own experience, that I shall give it at length. He is describing the retired and contemplative man, who watches with discriminating admiration the phenomena of the revolving year, and who from all he sees and feels derives a source of the purest and most permanent enjoyment.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung:
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When *Autumn's* yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then he BEST exerts his song.

AUTUMN, line 1309.

But it is to the *Evening of Autumn*, as the season of *Tender Melancholy*, of *Philosophic Enthusiasm*, and of *Religious Hope*, that I particularly wish to call the attention of my readers; as the one more peculiarly productive of associations in the highest degree calculated to exalt the feelings, and improve the heart.

It is as combining the decline of the *day* with that of the *year*, the period both of beauty and decay, that an *evening in Autumn* becomes so generally the parent of ideas of a solemn and pathetic cast. Not only, as in the first of these instances, do we blend the sun-set of physical with that of moral being, but a further source of similitude is unavoidably suggested in the failure and decrepitude of the dying year, a picture faithfully, and, in some points of view, mournfully emblematic of the closing hours of human life.

With the daily retirement of the sun, and the gradual approach of twilight, though circumstances, as we have seen, often associated in our minds with the transitory tenure of mortal existence, there are usually connected so many objects of beauty and repose, as to render such

a scene in a high degree soothing and consolatory; but with the customary decline of light are now united the sighing of the coming storm, the edying of the withered foliage,

> for now the leaf
> Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
> Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
> And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
> But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
> Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
> Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
> The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
> Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
>
> AUTUMN, l. 987.

These are occurrences which so strongly appeal to our feelings, which so forcibly remind us of the mutability of our species, and bring before us, with such impressive solemnity, the earth as opening to receive us, that they have, from the earliest period of society, and in every stage of it, been considered as typical of the brevity and destiny of man. Like leaves on trees, says the first and the greatest of all uninspired writers,

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away; *

a simile which, as originating in the sympathies of our common nature, has found an echo in the poetry of the melancholy Ossian. "The people are," exclaims the Bard of Cona, "like the waves of ocean: like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high." †

But even here, sombre and gloomy as the landscape may appear, there is something still left us to soothe the imagination, and much that may amend the heart. Beauty has not yet deserted us, beauty too of a kind which, from the awful accompaniments that surround it, steals upon the mind with a tenderness and a permanency of impression which had not otherwise

* Homer apud Pope, book 6.

† Macpherson's Ossian, Berrathon, vol. i. p. 208.

belonged to it. There is in the grey and sober tinting of an *evening in Autumn*, in the many-coloured hues of the trembling foliage, in the fitful sighing of the breeze, in the mournful call of the partridge, in the soft low piping of the red-breast, and, above all, in the sweetly-plaintive warbling of the thrush, the blackbird, and the woodlark, an union of sight and sound which can scarcely fail to touch the breast with a corresponding sense of pensive pleasure. More especially is this felt to be the case, if, while we are contemplating such a scene, the setting-sun, hitherto shrouded in the gathering gloom, should gleam a farewel lustre on the fields; it is then, perhaps, that our emotions harmonize most completely with external nature; it is then that, in the touching language of a contemporary poet, and in the same exquisite spirit of tender enthusiasm, we must wish to take our leave of the departing luminary:

Farewell, farewell! to others give
The light, thou tak'st from me:
Farewell, farewell! bid others live
To joy, or misery. —

Say, breathes there one, who at this hour,
Beholds thy glories shine,
And owns thy strangely-thrilling power,
With feelings such as mine?

For I have view'd thee as a friend,
And lov'd, at morn, or eve,
Thy golden progress to attend,
Thy first, last look receive.

Thou, witness of my lonely dreams,
Inspirer of my shell,
Like Memnon's, answering to thy beams,
Not yet — not yet farewell!

How soft, how tender a repose
O'er Nature sheds its balm,
Like sorrow, mellowing, at the close,
To resignation calm!

While man's last murmur, hush'd to rest,
Steals gradual from the ear,
As the world's tumult, from a breast,
Where heav'n alone is dear.

O'er all my soul seems gently shed
A kindred, soften'd light;
I think of hopes, that long have fled,
And scarcely mourn their flight.—

Once more farewell! Another day,
To all, or dark or glad,
Fleets with thy vanish'd orb away,
And am I pleas'd or sad?

I know not. All my soul to speak,
Vain words their aid deny;
But, oh, the smile is on my cheek,
The tear is in mine eye! *

It is this *tender melancholy*, an emotion originating from some of the finest feelings which do honour to the human heart, that has rendered the evening of the day and year so peculiarly a favourite with the lovers of nature and of nature's God. It is then we cease to commune with the world of man; we turn disgusted from its cares, its follies, and its crimes, to seek in solitude and contemplation, in the fields, and woods, and by the fall of waters, that peace and consolation, that wisdom, and that hope, with-

* These lines are quoted from stanzas "To the Setting Sun," in a Collection entitled "Poems, by Chauncy Hare Townsend," published during the course of the present year 1821. The specimen cannot fail, I should imagine, to carry my readers to the volume whence it has been taken, a reference which will open to them many pieces of uncommon pathos and beauty.

out which our being here would be as the mockery of an idle dream, and our waking from it but one scene of inextinguishable regret. It is, in fact, through the vicissitude and decay of all around us, through the solemn and the dying aspect of this monitory season, that the voice of our Creator speaks in tones that cannot be misunderstood. They admonish us, that we too are hastening to a temporary dissolution; that the spring and summer of our days have past, or are fleeting fast away; that the hour is come, or shall approach, when the blanched head, the enfeebled eye, and tottering step, shall assimilate our state to that of the faded and the fallen leaf; when the pride and vigour of this earthly frame shall wither and be extinct, and the heart that throbbed with joy or grief, with anger or with love, shall cease to beat for ever!

These are reflections which give birth to the noblest emotions that can animate the breast of man. We are dying mid a dying world, an idea which can scarcely be entertained without extinguishing in our minds every harsh and hurtful passion, without our feeling, indeed, for

all that live around us, that holy sympathy, that kindling charity, from which the strifes and bickerings, the envy and the hatred of a selfish world, must sink appalled away.

They are reflections too, which, while they incline us to humility and philanthropy, to that kindness and commiseration which a mutual and a general fate have awakened in our bosoms, lead us, at the same time, and by the most delightful of channels, a love for all that lives, to put our trust in him with whom "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

The very character indeed of the season of Autumn has rendered our communion with the Father of Spirits more intimate and entire. We have lately poured forth our souls in gratitude for the ripened bounty of the fields, and whilst the acknowledgment is yet glowing on our lips, the changed and awful aspect of the year calls us still farther to repose upon his love, and draws us still nearer to the author of our being. We see him in the fading woods, we hear him in the coming storm, yet we feel delighted in the consciousness of his presence; and it is this mingled emotion of sublimity, of

melancholy, and confiding adoration, which has given to the closing scenes of Autumn, an influence so soothing to the heart, yet so lofty and commanding in its powers of impression on the mind.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, that this, the evening of the dying year, should be the chosen season with the poet, the philosopher, and the man of sorrows, with him who turns from the too frequent selfishness of human life to the silent sympathy of suffering nature; with him who loves to search into the great and beneficent designs of Providence, and with him who in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," is wont to pour forth the unpremeditated inspiration of devotional fervor. It is scarcely possible, indeed, to listen to the winds of Autumn as they strew the withered foliage around us, without, mentally at least, adopting the very beautiful invocation of a living bard:

Autumn! soul-soothing season, thou who spreadest
Thy lavish feast for every living thing,

Around whose leaf-strew'd path, as on thou treadest,
The year its dying odours loves to fling,
Their last faint fragrance sweetly scattering; —
O! let thy influence, meek, majestic, holy;
So consciously around my spirit cling,
That its fix'd frame may be, remote from folly,
Of sober thought combin'd with gentle melancholy.

If, in the morning of my life, to Spring
I paid my homage with a heart elate;
And with each fluttering insect on the wing,
Or small bird, singing to his happy mate,
And Flora's festival, then held in state; —
If joyous sympathy with these was mine,
O! still allow me now to dedicate
To Thee a loftier song: — that tone assign
Unto my murmuring lyre, which Nature gives to thine.

A tone of thrilling softness, now, as caught
From light winds sweeping o'er a late-reap'd field; —
And, now and then, be with these breezes brought
A murmur musical, of winds conceal'd
In coy recesses, by escape reveal'd: —
And, ever and anon, still deeper tone
Of winter's gathering dirge, at distance peal'd,

By harps and hands unseen; and only known
To some enthusiast's ear when worshipping alone.*

No period of the year, indeed, is better entitled to the appellation of *The Season of Philosophic Enthusiasm*, than the close of Autumn. There is in the aspect of every thing which surrounds us, as the sun is sinking below the horizon, on a fine evening of October, all that

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* "*A Day in Autumn; a Poem, by* BERNARD BARTON," London, 1820. pp. 2 and 3.

As in the third and fourth numbers of these Essays I have entered pretty much at large into the merits of Mr. Barton's poetry, I shall, on the present occasion, merely observe, that this production, which came out separately, and from a provincial press, exhibits not only a very happy specimen of Spenserian versification, but several striking instances of originality in the portraiture of external nature. It would seem difficult, for example, to add any thing worthy of note to the description of the falling leaf, as quoted in this essay from the faithful pen of Thomson; and yet how admirably is the picture varied in the following beautiful stanza!

The bright sun threw his glory all around,
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze
Swept, with a musical, and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees;
And now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling leaf, and, like a living thing
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.

can hush the troubled passions to repose, yet all which, at the same time, is calculated to elevate the mind, and awaken the imagination. The gently agitated and refreshing state of the atmosphere, though at intervals broken in upon by the fitful and protracted moaning of the voiceful wind; the deep brown shadows which are gradually enveloping the many-coloured woods, and diffusing over the extended landscape a solemn and not unpleasing obscurity; the faint and farewel music of the latest warblers, and the waning splendour of the western sky, almost insensibly dispose the intellectual man to serious and sublime associations. It is then we people the retiring scene with more than earthly forms; it is then we love

to listen to the hollow sighs
Through the half-leafless wood that breathes the gale.
For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale
Oft seems to fleet before the Poet's eyes;
Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies
As of night-wanderers who their woes bewail.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Still more fearfully, yet not less gratefully, do we experience this mood of mind, if, as is often the case at this period of the year, the winds revel around us, and shake, as it were, the solid earth. We enjoy the feeling which they are suited to excite, and we listen to the elemental uproar with a lofty and severe delight. There is, in fact, a mysteriousness and immateriality about their being, which stir within us thoughts the most awful and profound; we are conscious of the immediate presence of an agency to us illimitable in its power, yet unseen; we "hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," and we shudder as we hearken; for its accents seem to dwell upon the ear as if they were the accents of the passing Deity.

A mysteriousness less awful, but not less extraordinary, accompanies another phenomenon yet more peculiar to the season of Autumn, I mean the *Migration of Birds*. To witness the assembling of the swallow tribe on the neighbouring tower or steeple, as the atmosphere becomes deprived of their accustomed food; to observe their deep and frequent consultations

preparatory to their flight to distant climes, and to mark their regular and unvarying arrangement, as they commence their transit through the trackless desarts of the air, are occurrences which, however unchangeable in their return, are never beheld without wonder and admiration, without experiencing those indefinable emotions which call the starting tear, and thrill the creeping vein:

Amusive birds! say where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide! *

But, perhaps, none of the circumstances incidental to the autumnal months, are more striking, or more productive of fearful delight or philosophic enthusiasm, than the appearance of those scintillating meteors which so often traverse the earth during the evenings of this

* White's Natural History of Selborne, 8vo edition, vol. i. p. 119.

portion of the year, or of those infinitely more brilliant corruscations which shoot along the upper regions of the air, and illumine the whole cope of heaven. In the eye of superstition they are connected with associations which create that solemn dread, that shuddering meek submitting thought, so strangely pleasing to the mind of man, but which are sometimes mingled with feelings of the utmost alarm, originating in a belief that these portentous lights, as they are deemed, are but the forerunners of disease or death, of pestilence or war; whilst, in the contemplation of calm and sober reason, they are beheld as only fresh excitements to research, and fresh objects for rational admiration.

With the first class of these meteoric appearances, indeed, are sometimes blended illusions which, as having led to fatal accidents, have given additional terrors to the scene, and have stamped the credulity and traditions of the neighbourhood with a deeper tinge of supernatural horror. To a catastrophe of this kind, as occurring on a dark evening in Autumn, we are indebted for one of the most striking

sketches in the Seasons of Thomson. He is enumerating the phenomena incident to the latest period of the autumnal quarter, and, on mentioning the vast and quenching glooms which, at this time of the year, brood over the earth as the evening closes in, he finely and most impressively records the fate of a belated peasant, terminating his description with a picture which appeals in a very powerful degree to the tenderest sympathies of the heart.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails,
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children, his return await,
In wild conjecture lost.

AUTUMN, l. 1143.

The general impression, however, which the *Evening of Autumn* is fitted to convey, whether operating on the fears and feelings of the uneducated mind, or on the cultivated intellect of the scholar and the philosopher, is one that, from the very character of its scenery, must lead to good. When we hear the winds of heaven rushing round us, viewless yet resistless in their course, it is scarcely possible not to prostrate ourselves with deep humility before the throne of that Almighty being, who wields, directs, and limits their career; an element that, if let loose on this firm globe, would winnow it to dust.

Again, when we behold the birds that wing their way through this immeasurable void, through what vast tracks and undiscovered paths they seek their distant food; with what love and gratitude should we not reflect, that if he in mercy has become their pilot and their guide, how much more will he prove to us a sure and never-failing protector.

And lastly, when we turn our eyes from earth, its falling leaves and fading aspect, its gathering gloom and treacherous meteors, to

that great and glorious vault where burn the steady lamps of heaven, or where, shooting into interminable space, flow streams of inextinguishable lustre, we are almost instinctively reminded, that here our days are numbered, that on this low planet brief is the time the oldest being lives, and that, passing from this transitory state, we are destined to pursue our course in regions of ever-during light, in worlds of never-changing beauty.

It is owing to these, and other similar reflections, which it has been the business of this paper to accumulate, that autumn has been ever felt as more peculiarly the *Season of Religious Hope.* Amid vicissitude and decay, amid apparent ruin and destruction, we behold the seeds of life and renovation; for he who pervades and dwells with all things, the unchangeable and immortal Spirit, has so ordained the course of organized nature, that not only is life the precursor of death, but the latter is essential to the renewal of existence, a chain and catenation, a cycle, as it were, of vitality, which tells us, in the strongest language of analogy, that if such seem the destiny of

irrational nature, if thus she die to live again, how assured should be the hope of intellectual being.

To him who views the temporary desolation of the year with no consolatory thought; who sees not in the seeming ruin which surrounds him, any hope or emblem of a better world; who hears not the accents of dying nature responding to the voice of revelation, and telling of a Spring beyond the grave; to him who is insensible to reliances such as these, to hopes which can whisper peace, and soothe the evils of mortality, how stale, flat, and unprofitable must appear all the uses of this feverish existence. He may be told, in the language of the poet, in the language of faith and heartfelt consolation,

To you the beauties of the autumnal year,
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, full of aches and pains,
Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye

Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou could'st see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; could'st behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn thro' this night of tempest! all things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou should'st feel
God, always, every where, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.

It now only remains to add, that the Essays which follow these reflections on the decline of the year, and to which the title of *Evenings in Autumn* have been given, will be found, in their general strain and flow of feeling, correspondent with the character of the season under whose

influence they are supposed to have been written. That is, while in their prevailing tone and texture, and even in the narrative portion of their series, they assume, as in the preceding pages, a somewhat moral and pensive cast of thought, they will, in furtherance of the views which those pages have endeavoured to open, be uniformly felt as inculcating the most consolatory, and consequently, in their final tendency, the most chearful prospects of nature and of providence.

From a declaration thus worded, it will naturally be expected, that the volumes now offered for perusal shall exhibit not merely a didactic tissue of precept and reflection, but empassioned and dramatic pictures, — incidents which may call forth, and place in a striking point of view, the virtues of piety and resignation, of domestic faith and fortitude; and, in this anticipation, it is trusted, that their readers will not be altogether disappointed.

No. II.

But what wild, strange, mysterious sounds are these
Floating in air?
It is a poor blind Harper! –
Oh! let the bending, gray-hair'd minstrel in!

BUCKE.*

THE rich tints of the setting sun yet lingered on the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey,† when Edward left his humble roof on the banks of the Rye, to enjoy, as was his almost constant cus-

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* Author of "The Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature;" a work singularly rich in all that can touch the heart and interest the imagination.

† It was in the Summer of 1820 that, during a visit to my relations in the North, I had the gratification of seeing Rivaulx Abbey, and Helmsley Castle, and the beautiful scenery which so remarkably distinguishes their scite and neighbourhood. The impression which they made on my mind was so strong, as to induce the wish of connecting their description with such incidents as, whilst they should naturally lead to a full delineation of the objects I had in contemplation, might, at the same time, superadd that interest which ever springs from the skilful development and play of human passion. How far I have succeeded in this arduous attempt, must be left with the public to decide.

tom, during the summer, the beauties of that delicious valley, as they lay reposing beneath the softened splendour of declining day. It was an evening towards the latter end of June of the year 1686, an evening, even for that season, of more than common sweetness and amenity. Playfully did the western breeze just agitate the luxuriant mass of foliage which often, even from the very margin of the stream, clothed the steep sides of this sequestered glen, whilst the Rye, alternately deep or rapid in its course, sometimes skirted in its windings by a natural lawn, but more generally shadowed by overhanging trees, yet momentarily catching the warm crimson of the sinking orb, swept on with a soft and gurgling sound.

Few places, perhaps, have ever exhibited a more pleasing intermixture of rural and picturesque beauty, than the little district of Ryedale, more especially that part of it which forms the scenery of our narrative. For, independent of the sloping woods and winding river, features here of peculiar grace and effect, it sheltered within its bosom some of the most interesting groups of cottages, and one of the

most striking of Monastic Ruins. The village of Rivaulx consisted, in fact, of small clustered tenements, scattered in various directions along the banks of their beautiful river; these were constructed of rough lime-stone and thatched; each had its little garden, and most of them were shrouded by trees of spontaneous growth, whose protecting luxuriancy and disposition were often such as to afford some of the loveliest subjects for the pencil.

The great object of attraction, however, in this secluded valley, for those at least who had a value for the mouldering remains of antiquity, or who loved to contemplate the once cherished abodes of cloystered piety, were the Ruins of the Abbey, consisting chiefly of the choir, the transept, and a small portion of the tower, together with the refectory, and the remains of the Abbot's house. These very interesting reliques of monastic life owed their origin to the agonies of parental love, for tradition records that the structure was founded in the year 1131, by Sir Walter L'Espec, in consequence of the sudden death of his only son, by a fall from his horse; an event which

induced the disconsolate father to consecrate his now unappropriated possessions to the use of the church. Here then, as the result of this pious determination, he placed an order of Cistercian monks, and here, in 1153, after a life spent in unavailing regret, yet devout resignation, he breathed his last, and was buried near the altar of his own choir. *

* "In the reign of King Henry the First," says Burton, "flourished St. Bernard, Abbot of Clareval; a man full of devotion and chief of many monks, some of whom he sent into England about A.D. 1128, the twenty-eighth of Henry the First, who were honourably received by both king and kingdom; and particularly by Sir Walter L'Espec, who, about A.D. 1131, allotted to some of them a solitary place in Blakemore, near Hamelac, now Helmsley, surrounded by steep hills, and covered with wood and ling, near the angles of three different vales, with each a rivulet running through them, that passing by where the abbey was built, being called Rie, whence this vale took its name; and this religious house was thence called the Abbey of Rie-val. The descent of this valley reaches chiefly from north to south. Here, William, the first abbot, one of those monks sent by St. Bernard, a man of great virtue and excellent memory, began the building of the monastery, dedicating it to the Virgin Mary; which the said Walter L'Espec amply endowed.

"Pope Alexander the Third, who reigned from A.D. 1159 to 1181, by his Bull, dated A.D. 1160, took this monastery into his immediate protection, enjoining that the Cistercian order should there continue for ever, confirming to them all their possessions, many of which are there specified (being all, I suppose, which at that time had been given to them), and exempted

Within this Ruin, impressive alike from the affecting nature of its origin, and from the beauty of its remains, was Edward accustomed to spend many hours. He delighted, indeed, in the associations connected with its former state, and with its present desolated appearance; and when the soothing tints of twilight, or the pale lustre of the rising moon, threw an additional pensiveness over the scene, he felt an almost irresistable temptation to wander within its sacred precincts.

It was in pursuit of this customary pleasure, a gratification of easy acquirement, as the Ab-

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them from paying tithes; forbidding all persons to detain any of the brethren of the house; charging all bishops not to interdict them, unless for some notorious offence; allowing them to perform the divine office in private, although the county should happen to be under an interdict; declaring any person excommunicate who should presume to steal any thing out of their lands, or to take any man thence; and confirming all the immunities granted to them by King Henry the First and Henry the Second.

"At the dissolution, here were 110 fodder of lead, 516 ounces of plate, and five bells.

"The valuation, in the twenty-sixth of Henry the Eighth, A. D. 1554, according to Dugdale, amounted to the sum of £278 10s. 2d. per annum. According to Speed, £351 14s. 6d. At the surrender, here were twenty-three monks and the abbot."—Burton's Monasticon Ebor. fol. 358.

bey stood close by the village, that Edward, as he passed, on the evening just mentioned, some of its scattered roofs on his way to the Ruin, observed with surprise the inhabitants clustered round their doors, and pointing with an expression of fear and anxiety on their countenances towards the monastery. Scarcely, however, had he commenced enquiring into the cause of their apparent alarm, when the sound of music began to issue from the interior of the pile. The notes, tremulous and sweet, were those of the harp, and as they stole upon the evening breeze, alternately sinking and swelling on the ear, they seemed to impress on the tranquil scenery around a character of more than earthly blessedness. It was some minutes, indeed, before Edward could sufficiently break from the enchantment into which this unexpected melody had thrown him, to assure his simple auditors that nothing preternatural could have occasioned what they had just heard. "In all probability," he continued, "these strains, which have but now ceased to vibrate, are from the hand of some itinerant performer; though, I confess, the style in which

they are produced, is so masterly, as almost to set aside the supposition. I will, however, immediately ascertain their source, and I rather wonder, indeed, that the notes which were first heard, and which have occasioned among you so many superstitious fears, had not reached *my* ear also, as I passed up the valley; but the curvature of the ground, and the direction of the breeze, together with the absorption of my own mind, I conclude, prevented it."

As he uttered these words, he turned direct towards the Monastery; but as the harp again began to pour its wild notes upon the breeze, he became unwilling, thus instantly, to interrupt the hand that woke them; and, taking a circuitous route by the northern end of the village, entered the Abbey grounds near the ruins of what had formerly been the Eleemosynary. Here, as he passed cautiously over the grass-grown ruins of the nave, and had just reached the exterior of the transept, his attention was further rivetted by the tones of a voice of uncommon gentleness and delicacy, and which, as he listened with an almost breathless intenseness, he soon found to be employed in chanting verses

to the music of the harp. The curiosity of Edward was now more than ever excited, and favoured by the deep shadows which the building now cast in the evening light, he trod unobserved over the mutilated pavement of the once magnificent tower, and screened behind one of the reeded pillars of its transept, enjoyed a full view of the choir, even to its southern extremity. *

Much as his imagination had been wrought upon by the romantic cast of the preceding circumstances, it had failed to picture a scene which, either in point of interest or effect, could vie with what he now beheld. On a fragment of the fallen roof of the choir, and on the very spot where rested the remains of the once pious founder of the fabric, sate an aged man, whose figure would have furnished an admirable study for the pencil of Rembrandt.

* It may be necessary here to state that the Abbey recedes from the village "towards a steep woody bank, running nearly north and south. To this eminence the church so nearly approaches as almost necessarily to stand in the same direction: hence the choir is at the south (or southerly) end; a circumstance very uncommon."—Gray's Description of Duncombe Park and Rivaulx Abbey, p. 17.

Though blind and somewhat bent with years, and though simply habited in a coarse garment of blue cloth, cinctured by a brown belt of the same material, there was, in the whole cast of his form and features, such marked indications of subdued grief and manly resignation, as, notwithstanding the associated idea of poverty, threw over his whole person and attitude a very striking expression both of dignity and grace. Something, it is true, might be attributed in the production of this effect, not only to the hallowed character of the spot in which he was placed, but to the singularly grand and picturesque disposition of the light by which he was discerned; for, as he sate immediately opposite the western aisle of the choir, the deep crimson of the setting sun streamed full through the lower tier of windows on the harp and the countenance of the stranger, on a head white as snow, on cheeks just moistened with a descending tear, and on orbs which were raised in a spirit of devotion to meet, if not the light, yet the warm glow of the departing luminary.

Nor were these the only circumstances which served to augment the impression of the scene;

still more powerfully was it heightened by the force of contrast; for, close by the aged harper, stood a youth apparently about fourteen, and whose features so unequivocally bespoke the sweetness, simplicity, and purity of his heart, as almost irresistibly to excite the attachment of the spectator. His dark blue eyes were fixed, with a thoughtful tenderness beyond his years, on the time-stricken but expressive countenance of his venerable companion, and, as the breeze of evening, sighing as it swept through the ruins, waved the nut-brown hair which clustered on his cheeks, and hung in ringlets over his shoulders, tears filled his eyes, and, ceasing himself to sing, he fixed a breathless attention on his aged partner, who, as the gale passed by him with complaining voice, rose with agitation from his seat, touched the chords with still deeper intonation, and chanted to their wild and solemn tones the simple but pathetic lines which follow:

Breathe not, ye gales, as if on high,
A requiem for the dead ye bore!
Sigh not, ye winds, for these shall sigh,
Shall grieve, shall mourn, shall weep no more!

Blest is the grave, though dark and lone,
With envy I its slumbers view,
For those that lov'd me, all, save one,
Have bade the living light adieu!

Much as Edward had been surprised by the first view of this interesting minstrel and his graceful attendant, whose sweet voice yet vibrated in his ears, he was still further astonished when he found the former skilled not only to strike the harp with a master's hand, but possessing at the same time, it would seem, the yet more uncommon powers of a gifted bard. Anxious, therefore, to become acquainted with characters apparently of so extraordinary a cast, no sooner had the minstrel ceased to sing, than he stepped forward from his place of concealment, a movement which was instantly followed on the part of the younger stranger by an exclamation of alarm, and by an intimation to the old man of the presence of an intruder. As there was nothing, however, either in the figure or manner of Edward which could for an instant protract their fears, but, on the contrary, every thing to call forth hope and invite confidence, a very few moments served

to dissipate all apprehension, and the youth immediately advancing over the fallen fragments of the once magnificent roof, met their unexpected visitor with a smile that lighted up one of the most lovely though somewhat pensive set of features that Nature, in her happiest mood, had ever thrown together. A blush, however, kindled on the cheek, and a tear started in the eye of the unpractised petitioner, as, vailing his bonnet, he held it forth in the act of solicitation.

Perhaps no human breast, however stern or unrelenting, could, under the present circumstances, have forborne, in some degree, to feel the influence of compassion. Encompassed by ruins of the most holy and impressive character, monuments of desolation and decay, and which were rendered still more awful by the solemn shades of evening twilight, the mind would almost involuntarily pursue that mournful, but, at the same time, highly pleasing train of reflection which predisposes to all that is benevolent and kind; but more especially would this be the case, if amid these beautiful reliques of former piety and splendour, and whilst

strains too of the most plaintive melody seemed to breathe from their deepest recesses, there should appear the still more affecting spectacle of sightless age and suffering innocence. The effect, indeed, upon the heart of Edward, young and susceptible as he was of every generous emotion, may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly gave all that he had to bestow, and then silently placing the arm of the youth within his own, he slowly drew near the old man, who, standing reclined upon his harp, calmly awaited his approach.

There was something in the attitude and manner of the minstrel so much beyond the usual bearing and costume of an ordinary itinerant; so powerfully, in fact, did they speak the language of mingled sorrow and enthusiasm, that Edward could not avoid entertaining for him a more than common degree of deference and respect; and he, therefore, felt it as a task of some delicacy to introduce what his heart now prompted him to offer, the shelter of his cottage for the night. As poverty, however, was evidently one of the inflictions under which the stranger suffered, he ventured, after thank-

ing him for the melody of his harp, and the still sweeter accompaniment of his lovely boy, to enquire whither he was wandering, and where he meant to take refuge until the morning; remarking moreover, that his age and loss of sight, and the delicate years of his youthful guide, made it necessary that they should seek some more secure asylum from the dews and damp of evening, than what the open ruins of the Abbey could afford; adding, at the same time, and in a tone that bespoke the warmth and the sincerity of his commiseration, that, provided they had no better accommodation in view, he should be happy to receive them under his own roof. "You shall have a bed for yourself and your little guide," he exclaimed; "you shall share our evening meal, and we will send you forth rejoicing on the morrow."

A transient sense of abasement, the hectic of the moment, had passed over the aged features of the minstrel, as he listened to the interrogatories of Edward; but this was instantly succeeded by the more permanent glow of sweeter feelings, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, and bowing his head upon the harp, he

expressed in accents tremulous with surprise and joy, his sense of acknowledgment, and his acceptance of the proffered kindness; adding, as he closed his reply, that it had been their intention, after resting for a while within the Abbey, to have reached Helmsley before dark, where he hoped their joint efforts to please, and he here pointed to his harp, might have secured them a lodging for the night. "But your goodness, Sir," he continued, and his voice again faltered with emotion, "has rendered this trial for the present unnecessary."

Nor did the tide of gratitude stop here; for, whilst Edward was contemplating with keen interest the intelligent countenance and picturesque figure of the old man, as he endeavoured to express his thanks, the youth insensibly disengaging himself from his arm, had fallen at his feet, and was bathing them with his tears. It was only, indeed, by the gentle pressure of the poor boy's hands, as he embraced his knees, that he became aware of his change of posture, when, instantly raising him from the ground, he thought he had never beheld, even in imagination, a more exquisite

picture of blended tenderness and beauty, than what the countenance of this young wanderer presented, as, whilst his hair started in wild disorder from his brow, and partially concealed the blushes which burnt upon his cheek, his humid eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of unutterable thankfulness.

The shades of evening were now closing around them; a gloom highly impressive, yet soothing, and rendered deeper by the nearly perfect state of this portion of the building, filled the choir, beautifully contrasting itself with the brighter and warmer hues which still gleamed through the more open and shattered parts of this picturesque ruin. The breeze sighed as it swept over the ivy which clung in rich masses to the walls; the song of the nightingale was rising from the neighbouring copse, and the moon had just glanced on the stream of the Rye, when Edward, taking his young friend by the hand, and offering his support to the elder minstrel, repassed the transept, presenting to the anxious villagers, who had awaited his return at some distance, a singular, and, even to them, a very interesting group.

They could not but admire the venerable aspect of the grey-headed old man, and the novel appearance of his harp; but they were still more struck with the form and beauty of his fascinating little boy, and they felt and expressed themselves delighted with the kindness and condescension of Edward, for whom, indeed, they had ever been accustomed to entertain the highest love and deference.

Nor will the reader consider this in the slightest degree extraordinary, when he is told, that not only from his earliest years had he been brought up among them, but that much mystery, and, from various circumstances, no small portion of awe, had hung about his birth and origin. It was now about twenty years since a cottage, beautifully situated near the bottom of a sloping wood, and on the edge of a little lawn interspersed with thorn trees, and skirted by the waters of the Rye, had been hired by a stranger of a very prepossessing appearance, and who seemed to be about the age of forty. Scarcely had he finished his improvements with regard to the size and exterior of his new abode, and completed his

arrangements within it, when one autumnal evening, as the gloom was gathering fast in the valley, and the mist hung in volumes on the wooded steeps, the curiosity of some straggling villagers was aroused by the very unwonted approach of a richly ornamented carriage, which, driving up to the stranger's cottage, there alighted from it a lady of uncommon elegance and beauty, accompanied by a matron-like woman, and a child apparently about five years old. The lady had disappeared with the earliest dawn of the succeeding day, but from that period to the present hour, had the residue of the party continued to occupy the same humble and retired abode.

Under the eye of Mr. Walsingham, for such was the name of the stranger, the little Edward had grown up with every advantage which, in so secluded a situation, precept and example could afford. This worthy man, a native of North Wales, but who had resided for some years in Switzerland as the Pastor of a Protestant congregation, was possessed not only of high classical attainments, but had also acquired a considerable knowledge of men and

manners, and what was of infinitely more consequence than either, he enjoyed the blessings of a liberal mind, and of a pious and benevolent heart. There was something, indeed, in his manner, in the very tone of his voice, and in the mild expression of his features, that won the confidence of all within his circle, and which, when combined with talents that seemed to those who usually applied for his advice as truly wonderful, soon established for him a reputation among the peasantry of Rivaulx and its immediate neighbourhood little short of oracular.

It was the happiness of Mr. Walsingham to possess in Edward one of the most docile and intelligent of pupils, one who amply rewarded him for all his solicitude and care; not only by his facility in the acquisition of knowledge, but by that sweetness of disposition and affectionate gratitude of heart which rendered the labour of instruction a source at once of mingled utility and delight. There are few things, indeed, more interesting to a well-constituted mind, than to watch the gradual evolution of the human intellect, even when the

result is not beyond the common standard of mediocrity; but when genius, that rare, though sometimes perverted gift of heaven, is the product, how truly gratifying does it then become to aid and foster its developement, until at length, however conversant may have been the preceptor in the history of mental effort, he stands astonished at the splendour of the powers which he has contributed to call forth.

Thus was it even with the experienced Walsingham, who had marked with eager attention, and had directed with uncommon skill, the dawn and progress of intellect, as they unfolded themselves during the earliest years of his beloved pupil, and yet who could not view, without a mixture of admiration and surprise, effects which, though apparently the result of his own instructions, so immeasurably exceeded what, in every other instance, they had been accustomed to produce. Edward had, indeed, even when quite a boy, shewn many little traits in his disposition and pursuits of a nature very dissimilar to those which usually belong to children of his age; for, though of a temper remarkably kind and affectionate, yet was he in

his manner often contemplative and even pensive, and in his conduct sometimes desultory and eccentric; features which were attributed by his guardian, and in some degree correctly, to their life of seclusion, in the first instance; and in the second, to that education which, after the first period of childhood, had gradually rendered him incapable of relishing the coarse manners and boisterous amusements of the sons of the neighbouring peasantry. His relaxations, indeed, were of a kind perfectly unintelligible to them as sources of pleasure; for his chief delight was to wander unaccompanied through all the wild and striking scenery which surrounded the scattered cottages of Rivaulx. He loved to mount the craggy cliff, to trace the pathless woods, to linger by the sounding waterfall, to haunt the ruined Abbey, propensities which seemed to acquire additional strength as he better learnt to appreciate the beauties and sublimities of nature, and to compare these living models, as they might be termed, with the masterly sketches of his favourite authors; for he had now began to enter with the keenest relish, not only into the

spirit of the finest authors of Greece and Rome, but he had also drank with enthusiasm from the yet more romantic fountains of modern inspiration; and how greatly the existing bias of his mind would be augmented by the study of such writers as Dante, and Tasso, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, may be readily conceived.

Yet was there one wayward circumstance in his lot, which, perhaps, more than any other, had contributed, even at a very early period, to throw a serious and contemplative hue over all his thoughts and pursuits, and to render him a lonely wanderer, as it were, in the land which gave him birth. He had soon, in fact, the misfortune to become a stranger to all those endearing associations which spring from the consciousness of parental tenderness; for though Mr. Walsingham had been in all respects a judicious and most affectionate guardian, and to him he had looked up, during his infancy, with love and veneration, yet no sooner had he reached those years when he could just appreciate the inestimable blessings of a father's and a mother's care, than he was compelled to consider himself as a nameless boy, as one disowned

by those who had given him being. The shock had been the more violent as, notwithstanding all the vigilance of Mr. Walsingham to prevent an early and abrupt communication, the discovery had come upon him suddenly, and even under the form of reproach. The accusation of illegitimacy, however, though coarse, had been in general terms; and it was therefore the first effort of the indignant boy, as soon as he could collect himself sufficiently for the purpose, to enquire of his guardian by whom he had been rendered liable to the opprobrium of such a designation.

The tears and agitation of the ingenuous youth, especially when he had learnt their cause, not only greatly distressed, but even alarmed Mr. Walsingham, as he felt himself, at present, under a sacred obligation to refuse the information which was now so eagerly sought, and which seemed, indeed, almost necessary to allay that fever of anxiety and doubt which had taken possession of his pupil's mind. There was one recollection, however, though certainly of a melancholy cast, which immediately brought with it a sense of consolation;

that, independent of the personal danger which might accrue to himself and his pupil from such a discovery, there was every probability that a disclosure of the names of his parents would be attended, pure and correct as he knew the principles of his charge to be, with a result, in a moral sense at least, even more painful and irremediable than could be now felt from an adherence to his promise of secrecy. "My dear Edward," he exclaimed, taking the youth affectionately by the hand, "let not an epithet, foolishly and ignorantly applied, thus distress you, for be assured, that those by whom it has been used, neither have or can have any foundation for the term but mere wanton and unsupported conjecture. I will not indeed deny but that a mystery hangs over your birth, and that it is not in my power, at present, to clear it up, or to reveal the names of those to whom you owe your being; but let it be a consolation to you of no small moment to know, that, in my opinion, your comfort and peace of mind are consulted by the temporary concealment and, in the mean time, continue, my dearest boy, to look upon me in the light of a parent,

for, whatever may occur, whoever shall desert you, in me shall you invariably find the affection and the support of a father."

It had been, in fact, one of the first distresses felt by Edward on this occasion, that he could no longer actually consider Mr. Walsingham, whom he had loved with all the ardour of a son, in any other light than as his appointed guardian; a conviction, the sorrow of which was deeply heightened by the further discovery that his existence was, as he had apprehended, a source either of disgrace or danger to those who, under other circumstances, would have come forward to acknowledge and protect him. The subject, indeed, brought to his recollection one of the first occurrences of which his memory had preserved any trace—that of being once visited, whilst yet a mere child, by a beautiful and elegantly dressed lady, who took him in her arms, and after caressing him with much fondness, suddenly burst into tears, and rushed out of the room. This idea, which had been originally pictured on his mind with great vividity, but which the lapse of a few years had rendered faint and indistinct, was now, in con-

sequence of the incident just mentioned, reproduced with painful, and almost preternatural strength, and he felt convinced that she who had thus momentarily appeared to him, and who had been hitherto remembered like a vision from another world, was no other than the guilty or unhappy mother to whom he owed his birth.

It was from this remarkable era of his opening days, when he had yet scarcely attained the age of fifteen, that the pensive cast of thought which had marked his earliest childhood, and which had been nurtured by solitude and silence, assumed a deeper hue, and gradually became the more prevailing habit of his mind; so that at the age of twenty, the period of his life from which our narrative properly commences, his countenance, though possessing a high degree of manly beauty, and exhibiting the strongest indications of sensibility and talent, very distinctly spoke the usual current of his feelings, and impressed indeed on all who saw it, the sad yet interesting conviction, that, however short his pilgrimage had been,

anxiety and sorrow had but too often proved the companions of his way.

It will not excite surprise, therefore, if, under the increasing influence of this tone of mind, we learn that Edward became more than ever enamoured of those pleasures which spring from the lonely but soul-soothing contemplations of the grand and ever-varying features of nature. Now, indeed, not only did he delight in viewing her in all the customary phases of sublimity or beauty, but he felt his spirit dilate with sensations of unwonted sympathy and rapture, when surrounded by all the dreadful energies of the tempest, or when tracing, with solitary step, the dreary and almost boundless moor, as the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the wind swept in hollow and protracted gusts over its wild and melancholy wastes. There was in these scenes of terror or loneliness something that well accorded with that sense of personal injury and destitution which pressed heavy on his own heart, and he found a sad but consolatory luxury in assimilating his fate to that of desolated or deserted nature. Feelings of

this kind, also, rendered him more than ever partial to those vestiges of fallen greatness and splendour, which so mournfully and emphatically speak the transitory power of man. Hour after hour was he now accustomed to pass, either sheltered within the beautiful remains of Rivaulx Abbey, or wandering beneath the mouldering towers of the adjacent castle of Helmsley. In short, whatever, either in art or nature, was connected with ideas of mystery and solemnity, of suffering and of sorrow, of vicissitude and decay; whatever was wild, or strange, or romantic, had for him irresistible attractions. To such a degree, indeed, had he indulged in contemplations of this kind, the consequence, in a great measure, of the peculiar waywardness of his own lot, that Mr. Walsingham had for some time become alarmed for the result, and had endeavoured, though but with very partial success, to wean his attachment from associations at his time of life so pregnant with danger, by repeated excursions into a livelier neighbourhood, and by directing his line of reading into channels as remote as

possible from the fascinating realms of sentiment and fancy.

Something, it is true, had been achieved by this course of discipline and diversion; but neither the study of the severer sciences, nor the gaieties of the northern capital, could, for any length of time, abstract the mind of Edward from his first and favourite pursuits. Still was it his supremest gratification to roam frée and unshackled amid the loneliest recesses of Ryedale, or among the perishing monuments of human art; to muse on the peculiarities of his own fate; or to lose himself for hours amid the wildest creations of poetry and romance.

On a character thus moulded, thus fashioned, as it were, to receive the deepest impulse from whatever was beyond the common course of events, the incident of the Blind Harper and his Boy, must, from all the circumstances which accompanied it, have made a strong, and, at the same time, a most delightful impression. There was in it, indeed, all that could gratify a heart throbbing with the finest emotions of pity

and benevolence; all that could furnish food for taste, for feeling, and imagination. The place, the time, the persons, their contrast as to age and appearance, and the singular and interesting nature of their employment, were such, in fact, as must have arrested the notice of the most indifferent, but were peculiarly calculated to awaken the keenest sensibilities in the breast of our young and pensive enthusiast.

Nor were the surprise and curiosity of Mr. Walsingham in any slight degree excited, when, from the lawn which lay in front of his cottage, he beheld the approach of Edward and his companions. The serenity of the evening, and the beautiful effect of the rising moon, as she first trembled on the waters of the Rye, or was seen lighting up, with silvery softness, the lancet-shaped windows of the Abbey, had induced him to prolong his enjoyment of the freshening air to a later hour than usual; when, just as he was turning to re-enter his book-room, which opened directly on the lawn, and commanded a very striking view both of

the Ruins of the Monastery, and of the windings of the stream from which they took their name, he perceived the moon-beam flash, with singular splendour, on one of the ornaments which, in spite of time and frequent usage, still decorated the harp of the aged minstrel, and, on stepping forward to ascertain more distinctly the cause of this phenomenon, he recognized the figure of his pupil, and immediately proceeded to join the group now slowly advancing from the banks of the river.

If, however, he had been struck with astonishment at the extraordinary circumstance of his young friend returning from his walk with two strangers, his wonder was still further augmented, when, as he drew near, he discovered the profession, and the contrasted appearance of the new parties. Fortunately, the brightness of the evening was such as to enable him almost instantly to feel that admiration for the aged and expressive countenance of the one, and for the guileless beauty of the other, which Edward had already so powerfully felt;

and no sooner had he heard from him the interesting particulars of their discovery in the Abbey, than he added his welcome to that which they had previously received.

(*To be continued.*)

No. III.

A Muse, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart.

BEATTIE.

IT must ever be a subject of deep regret with those who know and feel how effective an agent Poetry may be rendered in furthering the great interests of morality and religion; who have drank instruction mingled with all that could minister to delight, from the bards of other and of better days, and have hailed and blessed the union; to behold an Art thus honoured in times past, and consecrated, as it were, on the altar of our God, prostituted, as it has often been in the present age, to the worst and most debasing purposes of scepticism and impiety.

Of all the instances of wickedness and folly which have sullied and degraded the history of our species, perhaps the most revolting, and,

were it not for the desolation it inflicts, the most worthy of derision and contempt, is that of him, who, in defiance of evidence stronger and more complete than what can be obtained on any other subject, endeavours to strip himself and his fellow creatures of every hope which rests beyond the grave; and who, when he has succeeded in his nefarious design, when he has deprived his deluded victim of all which had rendered this life, constituted as it now is, worth endurance, and has, in fact, humiliated man to a condition worse than that of the brute, in as far as he is made sensible to the misery and disappointment of his lot, can offer nothing that may reconcile him to himself, nothing that can lift him even for a moment from the fathomless abyss into which he has assisted to plunge him.

That this attempt, suicidal as it is, has been often made, the annals of theology and metaphysics will sufficiently evince; but it remained for the still more perverted ingenuity of the present day, to select the most delightful of the fine arts as the medium of infidelity; to mingle the poison where it could least be suspected, in

the cup that had been wont to sparkle with health and peace and pleasure.

One of the most moral and pathetic of our living bards, the accomplished author of *Madoc* and *Roderick*, two poems which will carry down his name to posterity, embalmed in the tears of successive generations, has lately noticed, in very forcible terms, this pernicious prevalency of licentious and sceptical poetry. "Would," says Mr. Southey, speaking of the literary intolerance of the age, "that it were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit, rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English Poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English Literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and, in its turn, the cause of an improvement in National Manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either

in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable Publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable Bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our Poetry. It is now no longer so, and woe to those by whom the offence cometh!" *

Under circumstances such as these, how delightful is it to receive a volume of Poetry which, while it displays talent of no common order, exhibits, at the same time, and throughout its whole texture, sentiments the most correct, and a morality the most pure. I allude to a Miscellany, entitled "POEMS, by BERNARD BARTON," published during the course of the last year, and of which a second edition has just issued from the press.

It might, indeed, have been expected, from the religious profession of Mr. Barton, which is that peculiar to the disciples of George Fox, that such, as to the moral tendency of his poetry, would be the result; an expectation in

* A Vision of Judgment. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., Poet Laureate, 4to, 1821.

the highest degree honourable to the sect of which he is a member, and fully warranted, in fact, by its past and present history.

That a society of Christians thus remarkably distinguished for the purity and benevolence of their conduct; for a creed which, as exclusively built on the principles of peace on earth, and good will towards men, seems to have extinguished within their bosoms every angry and intolerant feeling, should have contributed so little to the stores of our poetic wealth, is a circumstance which may be justly lamented. Yet let us not forget, that to the suggestion of Ellwood, the companion of our immortal Milton, we are indebted for the Paradise Regained; and that from the pen of John Scott, the beloved friend of the great and good Dr. Johnson*, we have a volume of consider-

* It was the intention of this eminent scholar to have written the life of Mr. Scott, a design which was only prevented by his last and fatal illness; for but a few days previous to his decease, he sent word to Mr. Barclay (the grandson of the great Apologist of the Quakers, and who had some time before waited upon him with the MS. of Mr. Scott's Critical Essays), that he had not forgotten his engagement; and that, if it should please God to restore him, he would certainly perform it, *for he loved Mr. Scott.*"—Vide Hoole's Edition of the Critical Essays, Life of Scott, p. vii.

able beauty and originality. Since the era, however, of the bard of Amwell, nothing of any importance in this department of literature had been produced by the Quakers*; and it remained for Mr. Barton †, and subsequently for Mr. Wiffen ‡, to give further proofs how well the cultivation of the Muses might accord with the spirit and the practice of their sect.

It is, and must be with every one who thinks justly, a subject of no small astonishment, that attachment to an art, honoured, as this has been, by the adoption of the sacred writers, and calculated in itself to give added beauty and effect to the noblest sentiments of piety and devotion, should ever have been deemed incompatible with, or derogatory to, even the strictest creed of Christianity. But so it has happened, that, both the Quakers themselves,

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* It should be here recollected that the Penns, Granville Penn, Esq., and John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, though lineal descendants of the Founder of Pennsylvania, do not profess the same religious faith.

† Many of the Poems in Mr. Barton's present Collection were published some years ago under the title of "Poems by an Amateur."

‡ The author of "Aonian Hours," and of "Julia Alpinula."

and the world at large, have but too generally united in considering a Quaker Poet as something strange and anomalous, — as a being, in short, who has stepped out of his place and character, and from whom in his poetical capacity, therefore, little worthy either of praise or perusal can be rationally looked for.

Of a persuasion at once so irrational and unjust, so unsupported by any thing which the nature either of religion, of poetry, or of quakerism can supply, Mr. Barton has, most assuredly, a right to complain; and in some verses originally sent to me in manuscript, he endeavours to remove the prejudices which have unhappily wound themselves round the title of "*A Quaker Poet*," in as far, at least, as such a designation is supposed to convey an expression of contempt or reprobation. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he has fully succeeded; for who, that considers the legitimate objects of poetry, and the aid which it has been known so frequently and so efficiently to have given to the best and finest impulses of the heart, to piety, to gratitude, to devotional admiration, can, for a moment, doubt its powers

of enforcing the general motives to virtue, or its compatibility therefore with the tenets of the purest and most abstracted creed. Yes, says our poet, in a strain of beautiful and affecting enthusiasm,

Yes, I contend the Quaker Creed,
By fair interpretation,
Has nothing in it to impede
Poetic aspiration.

All that fair Nature's charms display
Of Grandeur, or of Beauty;
All that the human heart can sway,
Joy, Grief, Desire, or Duty: —

All these are ours — The copious source
Of true Poetic feeling;
And wouldst thou check their blameless course,
Our lips in silence sealing?

Nature to ALL, her ample page
Impartially unfolding,
Prohibits neither Saint, nor Sage,
Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the Muse her gifts assigns
With no sectarian spirit;
For ALL the wreath of fame she twines
Who fame and favour merit.

But let it not be forgotten that the *fame* here bestowed, and so highly and so deservedly valued, is that which is exclusively built on the basis of morality. It has been the abuse of poetry; its having been forced into the cause of sophistry and sensuality, which has excited the apprehensions of the wise and good, which has, to adopt the words of Mr. Barton, in his "Parting Address to the Muse,"

Made it a dubious gift for man to inherit
A bard's desires, or seek a poet's fame.

It is a consolation, however, to the friends of social order and happiness, that this unnatural alliance between the most lovely of the human arts and the dissociating principle of evil, however popular it may be for a time among the worthless of a pampered and luxurious age, can never hope for any permanent fame. It carries within itself, indeed, the seeds

of its own destruction; for so strong is the general sense of mankind in favour of moral and religious restraint; so necessary are they, in fact, not only to the well-being but to the very existence of society; that could a poet arise, endowed with the combined talents of Homer and Shakspeare, and should uniformly exert these in behalf of voluptuousness and impiety, nothing, I am persuaded, could prevent his ultimately sinking into the shades of utter oblivion.

From the few specimens which we possess of Quaker Poetry, there is every reason to wish that the disciples of this sect would become more frequent cultivators of an art which, as associating all that most effectively acts upon the heart and imagination, is better calculated than any other for forcibly and durably impressing on the universal mind the great and unchangeable truths of practical morality. A strenuous and more general cultivation of literature is perhaps one of the principal desiderata of the Society of Friends, and would, while it operated unequivocally for the benefit of the public at large, tend, at the same time,

powerfully to increase their own influence and numbers.

That the tenets of Quakerism are incompatible with any of the forms of poetry, it would be difficult to prove; yet there seems to be a reluctancy, on the part of Quaker Poets, towards adopting the more popular and exciting departments of the art, those for instance of Epic and Dramatic incident. They have therefore almost invariably confined themselves to the province of miscellaneous poetry, nor does Mr. Barton's volume form an exception. It contains a vast variety of short but interesting pieces on some of the most momentous topics and occurrences which agitate the human heart and feelings. Among these are two which seem more strictly devoted to the consideration of opinions and observances peculiar to the Author's sect, than any other in the collection. They are entitled, "Verses supposed to be written in a Burial Ground belonging to the Society of Friends," and "Silent Worship." The first is a defence of their omission of epitaphs and tomb-stones, as tending to keep alive useless and enfeebling regret; and the

second a vindication of, or rather an eulogium on, that doctrine which, attributing every thing to the immediate influence of the Spirit, waves all form and ritual, and oral communication, as nugatory and superfluous. With regard to the former, however, it should be observed, that a record of the dead, if his virtues were such as to merit recordal, is usually entered in the minutes of the monthly meeting to which he belonged; and as to the latter, though we of the established church are accustomed to a more social and less abstracted mode of worship, and one which, in the opinion of many wise and good men, is better adapted to the wants and wishes of the community at large, yet, it must be confessed, that the system of a silent and altogether spiritual worship, as founded on the doctrine of an assigned portion of the spirit of God to each individual, as a sure and primary guide, is both philosophical and beautiful. We may also remark, that it has been most impressively and feelingly enforced by Mr. Barton, who, when speaking of the abrogation, by our Saviour, of the shadowy forms of an earlier

day, and of his inculcation of the precept of adoring in *spirit* and in *truth*, adds,

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
To her, who inquir'd by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought?
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain? —

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosom's have livingly known it;
Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,
And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguished long since is its altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

There are various passages also interspersed through the volume, which very eloquently plead in favour of other and equally striking peculiarities of Quakerism. But there is one distinction which, as conferring the highest honour on the members of this Sect, I cannot permit myself to pass in silence; it is their total freedom from the spirit of persecution, an exemption which, when we consider how often religion has been disgraced, and humanity outraged, by a contrary line of conduct, should call forth unqualified praise.

It is in the spirit of this lovely and invaluable feature of Quakerism, that our author, after describing with great fervency of feeling and great beauty of expression, the ruins of an ancient monastery, which he had termed "the faded pride of *fancied* holiness," thus instantly corrects the injurious epithet:

Of *fancied* holiness! O say not so,
Nor judge unkindly of another's creed;
The intent and motive God alone can know,
And these condemn, or sanctify the deed.
Ave-maria, crucifix, and bead
Are nothing in themselves; but if they were
Imagin'd helpful in the votary's need,
Although a faith more spiritual may spare
Such outward aids to seek, from blame it may forbear.

Upon this principle of adherence to the broad basis of the Christian dispensation, disregarding altogether those discrepancies which trench not on the integrity of its outline, must the extension and general acceptance of our common faith be founded. It is on this plan of reposing exclusively on the essentials of pure and practical Christianity, that the Quakers have sought to distinguish themselves among their European brethren; and it is upon the same plan, though modified according to circumstances, that they have regulated their religious intercourse with the Indians of America, endeavouring, in the first place, and as introductory to the leading facts of Revelation,

to point out the identity of their respective creeds as to the great and everlasting truths of Natural Theology. They have addressed them, in fact, in the noble and persuasive language of the blind old man in Madoc.

> Know ye not him who laid
> The deep foundations of the earth, and built
> The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder sun,
> And breathed into the woods, and waves, and sky
> The power of life?
> We know him! they replied,
> The great For Ever One, the God of Gods,
> Ipalnemona. He by whom we live.
>
> And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know
> And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds
> And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall
> Of waters, in the woodland solitude,
> And in the night and silence of the sky,
> Doth make his being felt. We also know,
> And fear, and worship the Beloved One.
> "*Our God,*" replied Cynetha, "*is the same,*
> *The Universal Father.*"

Having noticed what is peculiar to Mr. Barton's Poems, as resulting from the class of

society to which he belongs, it remains to ascertain how far they are entitled to praise, as productions of taste and genius.

In a volume including nearly eighty pieces on widely different subjects, it cannot be expected that all should equally attract attention, or gratify the expectations of the reader. But it is due to Mr. Barton to declare, that no trifling topic has been admitted; that what has occupied his pen comes home to our business and our bosoms; and that, like Goldsmith, he has seldom touched on a theme which he has not rendered more striking, either by vigour of thought or beauty of expression. *Nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit.*

The VERSIFICATION, of which, from the multifarious contents of the collection, a considerable variety might naturally be anticipated, is, in general, correct and sweet. Occasionally, it may be deemed rather too light and effervescent for the weight and solemnity of the subject on which it is employed, but it is seldom otherwise than flowing and harmonious. It is usually of the lyric or elegiac cast, but there are not wanting several specimens of the

Spenserian stanza, in which the author seems to move with uncommon ease and dignity.

The leading character of Mr. Barton's poetry is not that which can be properly designated by the epithet *descriptive*; yet scattered over every portion of the work is to be found IMAGERY vigorously conceived, and distinctly and vividly brought out. Of the pieces more peculiarly rich in this province of the art, may be mentioned the "*Valley of Fern*;" "*Playford*;" "*Verses on seeing a Sketch of an old Gateway*," and "*Leiston Abbey*; but these, delightfully as they abound in touches worthy of the pencil of Poussin or Claude, are mingled with so much of what appeals directly to the heart, as to claim their character almost exclusively from their power of impression on the moral feelings.

SENTIMENT, indeed, in the best and noblest acceptation of the term, as including many of the most awful and interesting truths which belong both to our present and our future state of existence, and expressed with a simplicity which endears all that it wishes to enforce, forms the prominent feature of Mr. Barton's

book; and it is one on which, as beyond all others of incalculable importance, I would fix, for some little time, the attention of my readers.

Placed in a world of exquisite beauty, yet surrounded with a thousand evils, the consequences of his own transgression, man is called to pass his transient day in gratitude, humility, and sorrow, — feelings which prepare the heart as well for the proper enjoyment of what is truly valuable on earth, as for that more perfect happiness which may await us in another world. It is, indeed, by this bond of similarity, that the present life becomes indissolubly connected with that better one which is to follow; for the emotions which have sprung here from a just contemplation of the beauties and beneficence of creation, shall not die; they shall live beyond the forms to which they owe their birth, and shall carry forward our existence for ever.

A conviction of this kind pervades the entire series of Mr. Barton's poetry, and is expressed, indeed, at the opening of his volume, in a manner equally eloquent and emphatic. He is

lamenting the defacement of a once lovely and favourite valley, and he exclaims in a strain of tender enthusiasm,

Thou wilt dwell in remembrance among these recesses
Which fancy still haunts; though they *were*, and *are not*;
Whose loveliness lives, and whose beauty still blesses,
Which, though ceasing to be, can be never forgot.

We know all we see in this beauteous creation,
However enchanting its beauty may seem,
Is doom'd to dissolve, like some bright exhalation,
That dazzles, and fades in the morning's first beam.
The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,
The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers;
The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,
The sequestered delights of the loveliest bowers:
Nay, more than all these, that the might of old ocean,
Which seems as it was on the day of its birth,
Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion,
Which, sooner or later, will uncreate earth.

Yet, acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings
Which these have awaken'd, the glimpses they've given,

Combin'd with those inward and holy revealings
That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,
May still be immortal, and destin'd to lead us,
Hereafter, to that, which shall not pass away;
To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us,
The glorious dawn of an unending day.
And thus, like the steps of the ladder ascended
By angels, (beheld with the patriarch's eye,)
With the perishing beauties of earth may be blended
Sensations too pure, and too holy to die.

Nor would infinite Wisdom have plann'd and perfected,
With such grandeur and majesty, beauty and grace,
The world we inhabit, and thus have connected
The heart's better feelings with nature's fair face,
If the touching emotions, thus deeply excited,
Towards Him who made all things, left nothing behind,
Which, enduring beyond all that sense has delighted,
Becomes intellectual, immortal, as mind!
But they do; and the heart that most fondly has cherish'd
Such feelings, nor suffer'd their ardour to chill,
Will find, when the forms which inspired them have perish'd,
Their spirit and essence remain with it still.

It is this interesting view of the present, as associated with our future state of being, which has thrown over Mr. Barton's productions that exquisitely moral and pathetic cast of thought which meets us in almost every page. It is a doctrine also, which, as involving some of the highest speculations that relate to matter and spirit, to their union here, and their existence hereafter, has given to many parts of his composition an awfully impressive tone, a high degree, in fact, of ethic sublimity.

Thus, if irrational terrestrial nature may be said, in a typical point of view, to be blended with the forms and even the essence of another world, how much more intimate must be the relation of the two states, when intellectual, though still in part material, existence, constitutes the bond of affinity. That matter, attenuated and spiritualized to a degree beyond our present powers of comprehension, is destined to be the visible link which shall connect and identify, as to form and figure, our mode of being here with

that which shall exist hereafter, Revelation has clearly told us *, and it opens to our view a prospect beyond all others delightful and consolatory to our feelings. It must be, indeed, the cherished creed of sensibility and affection, and it is one in which the poet we are commenting upon has peculiarly loved to indulge. Numerous are the passages in his collection, whose strong influence over the mind turns upon this beautiful doctrine of future recognition; some of which I shall have occasion soon to quote; but there is one poem that, as more directly pointing to the

* "There is a natural body," says St. Paul, "and there is a spiritual body." Now the only instance which has been visible to man of this "spiritual body," was in the person of our Lord, when, after his resurrection, he appeared, at various times, to his disciples, in a glorified, though still material and tangible form. The Apostle almost immediately afterwards adds, "The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly;" texts which seem to prove, that the same identity, as to person and feature, which subsisted between the natural and the spiritual body of our Saviour, will be apparent in our bodies, as they have existed, and shall exist, anterior to, and after resurrection.

probable manner in which, during this life, an intercourse may be supposed to be maintained with the beings who are gone before us, I particularly wish to notice here. It hinges, indeed, upon the common belief, that, if ever a communication be allowed to take place between the inhabitants of this and another world, it will, in all probability, occur through the medium of impressions made on the sensorium during sleep, and it is therefore entitled "A Dream." There is, however, so much originality of conception, and distinctness of delineation about it, yet so much, at the same time, of what may be termed *unearthly*, in the impression which it tends to communicate, that a few of its most remarkable stanzas cannot fail of proving acceptable, whether considered as curiously interesting, or as a pertinent illustration of one of the peculiar features of Mr. Barton's poetry.

Thou art not one of the living now;
And yet a form appears
At times before me, such as thou
In days of former years:
It rises, to my spirit's sight,
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night. —

But oh, *thy* look! — It was not one
That earthly features wear;
Nor was it ought to fear or shun,
As fancied spectres are:
'Twas gentle, pure, and passionless,
Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange. — It seem'd to me
We were not long alone;
But many more were circling thee,
Whom thou on earth hadst known:
Who seem'd as greeting thy return
From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast, as others be
Whom on this earth we love;
I marvell'd much they could not see
Thou camest from above:
And often to myself I said,
"How can they thus approach the dead?"

But though all these with fondness warm,
Said, "Welcome!" o'er and o'er,
Still that expressive shade or form,
Was silent as before!
And yet its stillness never brought
To *them* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou *wert;*
A being not of earth!
Yet had I not the power to exert
My voice to check their mirth:
For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
Once more, a friend belov'd as thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
'Till tears though not of grief,
Afforded to that speechless mood,
A soothing calm relief:
And, happier than if speech were free,
I stood, and watch'd thee silently!

I watch'd thee silently, and while
I mus'd on days gone by,
Thou gav'st me one celestial smile—
One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years!
I woke, and found myself in tears.

(*To be continued.*)

No. IV.

Yes, Bard belov'd! to many a feeling breast
Thy lines a secret sympathy impart;
And as their pleasing influence flows confest,
A sigh of soft reflection heaves the heart.
GRAY.*

IT might almost necessarily be inferred, from the general character which has been given of Mr. Barton's poetry in the preceding number, that it was in a high degree calculated for the expression of those hallowed feelings which spring from the cultivation of benevolence, affection, and piety, and which, as constituting not only the basis of our happiness here, but of that which is to reward us hereafter, may be said to embrace the existence of both worlds.

To impress upon the mind, in fact, the great and salutary conviction that this life is but the dawn of our existence, yet that to the principles and passions which are developed during its course, we are to owe the colour of our final

* With some slight deviation from the original.

state; that it is valuable therefore, not in itself, but in proportion as it is morally connected with and preparatory to a nobler form of being; and that its phenomena, both intellectual and physical, are intimately blended with, and typical, indeed, of futurity, will appear to have been objects perpetually within the contemplation of our author; nor can matter of greater importance to the welfare of his species ever occupy the attention of philosopher or poet.

It has been therefore in accordance with this plan that many of Mr. Barton's poems are expressly written, with the view of reconciling the wearied and heart-broken mourner to the numerous privations which so often render our passage through this world but a pilgrimage of pain and sorrow; of shewing that life is to be estimated, not by its duration, but by the mode in which it has been employed; of directing our hopes firmly on that unchangeable state whither we are hourly tending, and, in the mean while, of so recommending the enjoyment of the beauties, the harmonies, and sublimities of material nature, as may contribute to render them not only

subservient to a better comprehension of our future being, but the medium through which we may approach the precincts even of Deity itself.

That he has succeeded in enforcing these topics with all the eloquence which an earnestness in the cause, together with beauty of diction, sweetness of versification, and vigour of thought, can communicate, it shall now be our endeavour to shew.

One of the many sorrows to which the lot of humanity is subject, and one too which, as blighting the fond dreams that fancy and affection had formed, is often most severely felt, flows from the separation of the mother and her child, a privation which is painted by our poet in lines of exquisite pathos, and the last of which strikes me as singularly impressive.

Pale and cold is the cheek that my kisses oft press'd,
And quench'd is the beam of that bright sparkling eye;
For the soul, which its innocent glances confess'd,
Has flown to its God and its Father on high.

No more shall the accents, whose tones were more
dear
Than the sweetest of sounds even music can make,
In notes full of tenderness fall on my ear;
If I catch them in dreams, all is still when I wake!

It is a balm however of no weak efficacy to reflect, that the innocent object of our love has not only escaped the numerous evils to which this life is necessarily exposed, but possibly the pangs of conscious guilt; and it is still more consolatory to know that it rests in a state of assured happiness; sentiments which, however trite from repetition, were never more beautifully expressed than in the words of Mr. Barton.

In the world thou hast left, there is much to allure
The most innocent spirit from virtue and peace,
Hadst thou liv'd, would thy own have been equally
pure,
And guileless, and happy, in age's increase?

Temptation, or sooner or later had found thee;
Perhaps had seduc'd thee from pathways of light;
Till the dark clouds of vice, gath'ring gloomily round
thee,
Had enwrapt thee for ever in horror and night.

But *now*, in the loveliest bloom of the soul,
While thy heart yet was pangless, and true, and unstain'd;
Ere the world one vain wish by its witcheries stole,
What it could not confer, thou for ever hast gain'd!

Like a dew-drop, kiss'd off by the sun's morning beam,
A brief, but a beauteous existence was given;
Thy soul seem'd to come down to earth in a dream,
And only to wake, when ascended to heaven!

Yet the death of infancy, though it rend many of the sweetest ties which bind us to existence, cannot be so intensely deplored as that of the child who has made some progress in the pilgrimage set before him, and whose superior endowments both of head and heart had already promised to fulfil the dearest hopes that parental partiality had cherished. After a disruption thus fatal to all perhaps which had rendered life valuable, whither shall the mourner turn for peace and consolation?—It is a question which has been answered by our amiable bard in a manner and from a source that cannot fail to soothe the affliction he wishes to alleviate, as

the sufferer is referred to considerations which religion has prompted, and in language, that while it breathes music to the ear, has done justice to the theme it was chosen to recommend.

It is not length of years which lends
The brightest loveliness to those
Whose memory with our being blends,
Whose worth within our bosoms glows.

The age we honour standeth not
In locks of snow, or length of days;
But in a life which knows no spot,
A heart which heavenly wisdom sways. —

" The brightest star of morning's host"
Is that which shines in twilight skies;
" Scarce risen, in brighter beams 'tis lost,"
And vanishes from mortal eyes.

Its loss inspires a brief regret;
Its loveliness is ne'er forgot;
We know full well 'tis shining yet,
Although we may behold it not.

And thus the spirit which is gone,
Is but absorb'd in glory's blaze;
In beaming brightness burning on,
Though lost unto our finite gaze.

There are, who watch'd it to the last;
There are, who can forget it never;
May these, when death's dark shade is past,
Partake with joy its light for ever!

If, indeed, the blossoms which genius and worth had put forth, were to meet with no maturity save that which this world should afford, then might we justly grieve as those who have no hope; for how often does it happen that the brightest talents and the purest virtue expire

Ere the beauty of spring-time hath fled.

Then, most truly, in the language of bitter disappointment, would it be our lot to exclaim with Mr. Barton,

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
Which sparkles, and sinks from the sight;
Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
Though transiently, beauteously bright;—

Like dew-drops, exhaled as they glisten;
Like perfume which dies soon as shed;
Like melody, hush'd while we listen;—
Is memory's dream of the dead.

But not so; for if man seem to perish, if the tenure of his existence here merit the similitudes which these lines have so mournfully yet so beautifully drawn, we happily, and on the best authority do we know, that the germ of intellect which has sprung up in this life, shall, if it hath been well employed while in its transit here, ripen into rich and ever-during fruit in another and a better world; that the spirit shall in "beaming brightness still burn on;" and that, in the glowing diction of the poem whence the lines just quoted have been taken, (a poem dedicated to the memory of a young and highly gifted female), and in reference to the imagery and sentiment which they convey, we may further and exultingly add,—

But if such be the objects resembling
The glimpses we saw of thy soul;
How much more *enduring* the emblem
Its hopes and its prospects enroll!

That bird, which by bards is recorded
As deathless, and all but divine,
Is now the fit emblem afforded
Of spirits immortal as thine.

Redeem'd by the God who first made thee,
Unto whom be the glory alone;
With the Tree of Life only to shade thee,
From the brightness encircling his throne;

Henceforth thou art rank'd with the daughters
To whom the "new song" hath been given;
Whose voice, like the voice of vast waters,
Everlastingly echoes in heaven!

It has ever been a cherished idea with those who love to look beyond the confines of mere organized matter, that the intercourse of mind is not altogether lost, even in this life, by the stroke which has severed the bonds of mortality; that, though incognizable to our senses, the friends whom we loved are still present to our thoughts and actions, and however unconscious we may be of such an agency, are permitted and enabled, from their now intimate union with the universal world of spirits, to impress on the intellect of man such trains and

combinations of thought as are best calculated, not only to assuage the evils which must ever assail us in our passage through this vale of tears, but such as shall prepare us for that mode and form of being to which *they* have been long assimilated, and *we* are rapidly approaching.

Of associations thus prompted and originated, assuredly those which shall lead to a belief in the superintending agency of the departed spirits of the blessed, must be among the most soothing and satisfactory; for then, to adopt the beautiful language of Mr. Barton,

They tell us that change of existence
Has not sever'd, but strengthen'd each tie;
And, that though we may think them at distance,
Yet are they in spirit still nigh,
That
There yet is an unbroken union,
Though mortality's curtain may fall;
And souls may keep up their communion
Through the God of the spirits of all!

In fact, it may be justly said, that independent of this probable and peculiar intercourse,

so naturally dear to our sympathies and feelings, our communication with the Deity, and consequently with the world of spirits, is perpetually sustained by the impress of his mighty mind on all the works of creation. It is this silent language, the interpretation of which has conferred the highest of all possible distinctions on philosophers, poets and divines, that has led us not only to a knowledge of ourselves, but, as far as our finite faculties will permit, to a just conception of the attributes of God himself; it is this, in fine, which has prepared the human mind for the reception of revealed truth, and which carries us forward, rejoicing in our course, into realms of interminable existence.

Of these sublimely moral and intellectual lessons, as derived from the glorious forms of external nature, the collection of Mr. Barton presents us with many happy examples, and I am confident that I cannot more certainly gratify myself and my readers, or more effectually do justice to the genius and merits of the poet, than by quoting some among the numerous instances which have particularly attracted my attention.

The first shall be taken from his address

"To the Moon," a subject which, however apparently exhausted, he has yet rendered interesting by fresh trains of imagery, and by that delightful tone of moral inference which has given to nearly the whole of his compositions a kind of pensive dominion over the purest and gentlest affections of the heart.

All hail to thee! radiant ruler of night!
Shedding round thee thy soft and thy silvery light;
Now touching the hill-tops, now threading the vale,
Oh! who can behold thee, nor bid thee all hail?

The monarch of day more majestic may be,
When he rises in pomp on the verge of the sea;
When, the clouds that have curtain'd him slowly undrawn,
His magnificence scatters the mists of the morn.

His glory at noon may be greater than thine;
More splendid and glowing his evening decline;
When the hues of the rainbow illumine the west,
And millions of happy birds sing him to rest.

But not in his rise, in his zenith, nor even
When his parting effulgence irradiates half heaven;
Though grand and majestic his glory be shown,
Does he shine with a loveliness sweet as thy own.

The pleasures, the cares and the business of life,
Are ever with calm contemplation at strife;
And, absorb'd in our selfish pursuits, we forget
The sun and his glories, till after his set.

But thou comest forth when the stir is subsiding,
Like an angel of light through the clear heavens gliding;
As if to remind us, ere sinking to rest,
Of worlds more delightful, of beings more blest.

A theme of still greater sublimity, as productive of many of those indefinable emotions which thrill through our bosoms in the presence of mysterious and illimitable power, opens upon us in our author's address "To the Winds," the latter portions of which, more especially the fourth stanza, including the allusion to our Saviour's sublime language to Nicodemus, and above all, the closing one, are truly worthy of the subject. They were written, I understand, in a dark winter's night, and when the storm was high enough to "murder sleep."

After a solemn invocation of these viewless agents of nature, and a description of their tremendous influence on the world of waters,

the bard descends, by way of contrast, to paint their sportive play among the flowers of spring, and with the tresses of beauty, and then immediately adds:

4.

But thoughts like these are but of earth!
And ye can give far loftier birth: —
Ye come! we know not whence;
Ye go! — can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
Though audible to sense.

5.

The Sun — his rise and set, we know;
The Sea — we mark its ebb, and flow;
The Moon — her wax, and wane;
The Stars — Man knows their courses well,
The Comet's vagrant paths can tell; —
But you his search disdain!

6.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like spirits in a dream; —
What epithet can *words* supply,
Unto the Bard, who takes such high,
Unmanageable theme?

7.

But one: — to me, when Fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem *Heaven's Messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice, in all its power,
It seems the VOICE OF GOD!

But of all the objects which nature presents to our view, there is none comparable, in point of grandeur and sublimity, to the *ocean*. Whether beheld in a state of quiescence, or under the aspect of commotion, it is alike productive of thoughts which agitate and dilate the soul with awe, and fear, and wonder. At rest, how deep its solitude, how boundless its immensity; and when, like a giant refreshed from slumber, it rises in its might, how wild, how horrible, how overwhelming does its strength appear! The sensations with which its contemplation fills the soul, necessarily leads the mind to that Everlasting Being who made it what it is; who is said, in the language of inspiration, to hold its vast depths "in the hollow of his hand," and whose spirit still "moves upon the face of its waters."

To express the feelings and conceptions to which such an object and its associations lead; to paint the crowding and tumultuary ideas, the visions of glory and infinity, of rapture and devotion, which kindle on our imaginations, and burn within our souls, on this occasion; which melt us into tears, or thrill us with a shuddering delight; must be, even to the most exalted talent, a work of difficulty and danger. It has notwithstanding been attempted by many, but, as might be concluded, by few with success. Among the number, however, who have risen from the effort undefeated, we may now, I am happy to add, enroll the name of *Barton*, whose poem entitled "The Sea," is one of the most beautiful in his collection; and it is so, because it has given the impression of this magnificent element on the mind, with a truth and energy of feeling which have seldom been surpassed.

Of the correctness of this opinion I am persuaded the following stanzas will prove sufficiently decisive. The poet is recording the peculiar pleasure with which, in the early morning of life, he was wont to contemplate

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" the glorious sea;" and he tells us, in a strain of deep but unaffected enthusiasm,—

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness open'd before me!

As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of POWER!

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill
Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill;
Which longer than love on its memory shall live,
And is dearer by far than all rapture can give.

It is not a feeling of gloom or distress,
But something that language can never express;
'Tis the essence of joy, and the lux'ry of woe,
The bliss of the blest, faintly imag'd below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given
As pledges of purer ones hop'd for in heaven,
They are those which arise, when, with humble devotion,
We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent ocean!

Though, while in these houses of clay we must dwell,
We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell
What the feelings of fetterless spirits may be;
They are surely *like* those which are waken'd by thee.

A sense of *His* greatness, whose might, and whose will
First gave thee existence and governs thee still;
By the force of whose "FIAT" thy waters were made!
By the strength of whose arm thy proud billows are
stay'd!

Nor has Mr. Barton restricted himself to the works of Nature; those of Man have alike contributed to call forth the energies of his mind and the moral painting of his Muse. To a contemplative disposition, indeed, few objects afford more appropriate gratification than the mouldering reliques of departed grandeur. There is a silent language in their desolation which reaches to the heart, and we bow before the spirit of the times of old, humiliated, but rendered better by the awful voice of other years, — by that conviction, which, ages ago, whispered to the wisest of the sons of men, that all on earth is vanity.

Of this salutary intercourse with the memory of days long gone by, with the vestiges of dying beauty and decaying magnificence, Mr. Barton has afforded us some highly interesting specimens. Among these, the poem entitled "Leiston Abbey" has a claim to peculiar distinction, and, as written in the metre of Spenser, of which I have already mentioned our author as a very skilful constructor, and as possessing, at the same time, striking proofs of the happy art with which the poet has blended the most delightful imagery with the most touching morality, I shall select from it the opening stanzas, constituting a picture at once calculated to soothe the heart and elevate the powers of fancy.

Leiston Abbey, in Suffolk, exhibits the ruins of a house of Præmonstratensian Canons, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. They are situated not far from the sea, and a great part of the church, several subterraneous chapels, and various offices of the monastery, are yet remaining. It is not too much to say, that when these beautiful relics shall have

vanished from the eye, when the place where they yet are shall know them no more, they will live in the following lines:

Beautiful fabric! even in decay
And desolation, beauty still is thine:
As the rich sun-set of an autumn day,
When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
To render homage to its slow decline,
Is more majestic in its parting hour;
Even so thy mouldering, venerable shrine
Possesses now a more subduing power
Than in thine earlier sway, with pomp and pride thy dower.

To voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
Of sacred music, once familiar here,
Thy walls are echoless; within their bound,
Once holy deem'd, and to religion dear,
No sound salutes the most attentive ear
That tells thy former destiny; unless
It be when fitful breezes wandering near
Wake such faint sighs, as feebly might express
Some unseen spirit's woe for thy lost loveliness.

Or when on stormy nights the winds are high,
And through thy roofless walls, and arches sweep,

In tones more full of thrilling harmony
Than art could reach; while from the neighbouring deep
The roar of bursting billows seems to keep
Accordant measure with the tempest's chime;
Oh, then! at times have I, arous'd from sleep,
Fancied that thou, even in thy proudest prime,
Couldst never have given birth to music more sublime.

But to the *eye*, revolving years still add
Fresh charms, which make thee lovelier to the view;
For nature has luxuriantly clad
Thy ruins; as if wishing to renew
Their claim to homage from those hearts that woo
Her gentle influence: with indulgent hand
She has aton'd for all that time could do,
Though she might not his ravages withstand;
And now thou art her own: her skill thy beauties plann'd.

The mantling ivy's ever-verdant wreath
She gave thee as her livery to wear;
Thy wall-flowers, waving at the gentlest breath,
And scattering perfume on the summer air,

Wooing the bee to come and labour there ;
The clinging moss, whose hue of sober grey
Makes beautiful what else were bleak and bare ;
These she has given thee as a fit array
For thy declining pomp, and her delightful sway.

Yet is it not her power, or these alone
That make thee interesting as thou art ;
The merely beautiful, however prone
We are to prize it, could not touch the heart.
Mere form and colour would not thus impart,
Unto the pensive, contemplating mind,
Thoughts which might almost cause a tear to start
In eyes not given to weep : there is assign'd
To thee a stronger power in deeper feeling shrin'd.

It is a consciousness of what thou wert,
Compar'd with what thou art ; a feeling sense
Which even steals upon the most inert,
Who have the least conception how or whence
Such mixt sensations should arise from thence ;
But so it is, that few there are can gaze
Upon the wrecks of old magnificence,
Nor own the moral that their fate conveys,
How all that man can build his own brief power betrays.

It will now, I think, have been adequately ascertained, from the instances which this critique has brought forward, that the *Poetry* of *Mr. Barton* is of a description which merits the study and the approbation of his contemporaries. For it is truly gratifying to be able to declare, that it is uniformly not only the friend of virtue and religion, but that it possesses qualities in a high degree calculated to impress both on the feelings and affections.

It is, indeed, when composition exhibits this noble and beneficial tendency, that we rejoice to find it, in a literary point of view, such as may recommend it to the purest taste and the severest judgment, such as shall be likely to insinuate the love of God and man into the hearts and minds of those who are ranked among the polished and refined, such, in short, as may possibly counteract the virulent poison of which this most delightful of the human arts has, in our days, been so often impiously, and, we may almost add, sacrilegiously, rendered the vehicle.

Of the pure and lofty character of genuine poetry, of the great and important duties it is calculated to subserve, and of the high gratifications it has the means of conferring, Mr. Bar-

ton has himself spoken, and in terms which, while they paint with glowing enthusiasm the sublimely moral features of the Muse, feelingly and most expressively describe the consolations which await on him who has worshipped her aright, and who has consequently directed her powers to their legitimate end.

With this passage, taken from his poem published separately last year, and entitled "A Day in Autumn," I shall conclude these observations; merely adding, that the wish with which it terminates will, I am confident, not remain unfulfilled; that his poetry will live in the bosoms of the wise and good, and that it must, of course, descend to a distant and approving posterity.

O Poesy! thou dear delightful art!
Of sciences — by far the most sublime;
Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,
Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of crime,
Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time;
The nurse of feeling; the interpreter
Of purest passion: — who, in manhood's prime,
In age, or infancy, alike canst stir
The heart's most secret thoughts: — to Thee I
now prefer —

My aspirations. — Unto thee I owe
Nor wealth, nor fame; yet hast thou given to me
Some secret joys the world can ill bestow,
Delights which ope not to its golden key,
And wait not on its pride and pageantry:
For thou hast nourished, in those lonely hours
That have been spent in intercourse with thee,
Kind feelings, chasten'd passions, mental powers,
And hopes which look through time. These are not worldly dowers.

For such I thank thee! Thou hast granted all
I could expect in life; yet, when I must
Return to nature's chill original
That portion of me which is form'd of dust,
When I go down to darkness! take in trust
Some scatter'd fragments of my transient Name!
I ask no storied urn, no marble bust,
These move me not; yet could I wish to claim
From some few left behind a dearer meed than fame.

I mean that tender feeling, which outlives,
In the survivor's heart, the silent grave,
And such as slumber in it; that which gives
To those it mourns for all their hearts would crave.

I ask no laurels o'er my turf to wave,
But, when the sun of my brief day be set,
I would not so all softer ties out-brave
As not to wish, when those I love be met,
For me that cheeks be wan, and eyes with sorrow wet.

And should some portion of my song survive
The death of him who frames it; may it be
Such only as may keep his name alive
In hearts of spotless moral purity, —
Of virtuous feeling, gentle sympathy,
And elevated thoughts; — such have I known: —
May these but cherish my lov'd memory
In some few silent hours, when left alone,
And "fame's obstreperous trump," I willingly disown.

No. V.

The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE were few persons who possessed a greater fund of active benevolence than fell to the lot of Mr. Walsingham; and in no instance did he experience more heart-soothing gratification, than when he witnessed in the feelings and conduct of Edward indications of a similar disposition. It was, therefore, with peculiar pride and pleasure that he now saw himself called upon to exercise the two-fold rites of charity and hospitality; and the more so, as, from the very exterior of the objects presented to his care, he felt persuaded they were worthy of his protection.

The immediate result of this conviction was that cheerfulness and cordiality of voice and manner, so reviving to the drooping spirit, and which in-

stantly whispered to the hearts of the minstrel and his timid companion, that they had every thing to hope, and nothing to apprehend, from a reception so unequivocally kind and encouraging.

With steps therefore lightened of care, and with acknowledgments which dropped free and glowing from no ineloquent lips, did these hapless wanderers enter the cottage of Mr. Walsingham. They were seated in the Book-room, the window of which, opening on a level with the floor, and leading, as we have observed, directly on the lawn, admitted the full illumination of the orb of night, now risen in all her glory, and diffusing a flood of tender radiance over wood, and rock, and water. So balmy breathed the gale of evening, indeed, and so beautifully was every object touched with the planetary light, that no sooner had the travellers partaken of the refreshment necessary to recruit their strength, than Mr. Walsingham, expatiating with enthusiasm on the blessedness and sweet repose which at this moment seemed to envelope earth and heaven, proposed their continuing to enjoy their present situation some time longer; and then adverting to the harp of

the elder stranger, he begged that at an hour so congenial with the inspirations of poetry and music, he might be indulged with a specimen of its master's skill.

A desire thus expressed, and under such circumstances, could not fail of gratification, and the minstrel, therefore, instantly prepared to satisfy the wishes of his host. His harp, which looked worn with age and use, was placed before him, and, after a short prelude, he commenced an air which seemed to rivet the attention of his hearers.

And here we may be allowed to remark, that there never, perhaps, was assembled a group more impressive or better calculated for the pencil of the artist, than that which, on this occasion, now presented itself in the cottage of the Rye. Immediately fronting the lawn, and directly opposed to the light, sate the venerable harper with his blue mantle, now uncinctured, flowing loose around him; his features, animated by deep feeling and enthusiasm, were directed towards heaven; and though his eyes in vain rolled to seek its cheering ray, yet were they, though deprived of vision, neither ble-

mished to the outward view, nor void of seeming lustre. On his silver hairs, which the breeze just agitated as it swept his brow, the moon-beam slanted with a sparkling brilliancy, and then reposed in quiet splendour on the old and antique harp which rested between his knees, and which being made of dark oak, and here and there inlaid with fragments of gold foliage that had, in better times, profusely decorated its now shattered frame, seemed the fit type and emblem of its aged master.

Close by the minstrel, in a vest and tunic of light green, and with his bonnet in his hand, stood the lovely and fascinating boy; his eyes were cast on the ground, a tear of gratitude yet lingered on their lashes, and through the clustering locks which hung from his forehead and shoulders, the moon stole in, in all her beauty, to betray the blushes which still mantled on his cheek.

On the other side, and nearly opposite to this young and interesting wanderer, but somewhat more in front, and reclining with one arm on the back of a chair, had Edward taken his

station, his attention alternately and eagerly fixed on his new friends; whilst still more advanced, sate Mr. Walsingham, contemplating with a singular mixture of anxiety and curiosity, the features of the grey-haired harper. There was, indeed, in the countenance of this stranger, as it now appeared lighted up by the mild lustre of the moon, something so resigned, yet so full of inspiration, so much, in short, of the blended expression of the saint and bard, that he thought he had never beheld any face which excited so much of his respect and admiration. The interest was, however, in this instance, powerfully increased on the part of Mr. Walsingham, by a faint recollection of having seen the countenance before, a persuasion which rose almost to certainty, when, to his great surprise, the minstrel, having closed his prelude, began, with a fervor and emotion which bespoke the energies of undiminished feeling, one of those beautiful old Welsh airs to which his astonished auditor had so often listened in his native land.

The tears involuntarily coursed down the cheeks of Mr. Walsingham, as the sweet and

melting tones of the harp brought forward the scenery of his early years, years spent in the bosom of a family not only endeared to him by the ties of consanguinity, but by that interchange of affection which constitutes the best and purest happiness of man; and in a country too whose every feature had left on his memory an indelible impression of wild and romantic grandeur. His parents, the play-mates of his childhood, the hills, woods, and streams of the district in which he first saw the light, the songs and the music of his beloved country, all rushed at once before him, and produced emotions to which, in their present almost overwhelming strength, he had, from continued absence, and the intervention of numerous painful and engrossing incidents during his residence on the continent, been long a stranger.

No sooner, therefore, had the music of the minstrel ceased to vibrate on his ear, than, using every effort to recover his wonted composure, he began, after passing a just eulogium on the skill of his venerable guest, to make some indirect enquiry as to the country whence

he came. "As the melody which you have chosen, my friend," said the worthy divine, "is, I perceive, one of those old Welsh airs for which the northern part of the principality is celebrated, I presume, as the music in question is little if at all known in this part of the kingdom, that you have travelled much in Wales, or may probably be a native of that district: If I am right in the latter part of my conjecture, you will be glad to learn that you are under the roof of a countryman; and I feel the more interested in the supposition, as I cannot help thinking but that I have seen your face before, at a period, indeed, very distant from the present, but yet in the very land which gave me birth. You will oblige me, therefore, by satisfying what is, I do assure you, no idle curiosity, but connected, in this instance, with associations and reminiscences inexpressibly dear to my heart."

Joy swelled the breast of the aged harper as he listened to the praises which the facility and energy of his execution drew from Mr. Walsingham; but when that gentleman proceeded

to acknowledge himself a native of Wales, traces of deep emotion passed over his care-worn features; he rose from his seat; his form, lofty, though somewhat stooping from the pressure of years, seemed dilated with enthusiasm; and in answer to the request which had just fallen from the lips of his host, he rapidly replied: "You have conjectured rightly, Sir; I feel a just pride in declaring myself your countryman; and though many years have passed since I quitted the land of my fathers, yet do I fondly hope that the name and the harp of Lluellyn are still unforgotten among the wilds and recesses of Anglesea!"

"Good heaven!" cried Mr. Walsingham, "is it then Lluellyn of Aberfraw, the bard of my earliest youth, the delight of the young and the aged, that I see beneath my roof! Dear, good old man!" he continued, pressing the minstrel to his bosom, "what unhappy fate has compelled you, in the winter of your life, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth! I left you, Lluellyn, in the vigour of manhood, the admiration of your brethren of the harp, the most promising of all the candidates for

the highest honours of the Gorsedd *. Ah! what misfortune then, may I again ask, can have induced you to desert the land of your parentage and fame? But I distress you, I perceive, by these enquiries, nor have I a pretence, indeed, for pressing them, ere I disclose what may afford at least some shadow of claim for their intrusion. Know then, that Walsingham of Llanvechell, the son of David of Pentrathmon †, he who in his youth so often followed thy footsteps with delight, is before thee; now alas! like thyself, descended into the vale of years, and though neither sightless nor in want, yet an exile from his kindred and his country."

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* "The bardic meetings, or *Gorseddau*, were held in the open air, on a conspicuous place, while the sun was above the horizon; for they were to perform every thing *in the eye of light and in the face of the sun*. The place was set apart by forming a circle of stones with a large stone in the middle, beside which the presiding Bard stood. This was termed *Cylc Cyngrair*, or the Circle of Federation, and the middle stone *Maen Llog*, the Stone of Covenant."—Notes to Madoc, 4to edition, pp. 485-6.

† Llanvechell and Pentrathmon are small towns in the Isle of Anglesea, of which Aberfraw was formerly the capital, and the royal residence of the princes of Wales.

Lluellyn started at the discovery; rapture momentarily flushed on his withered cheek, and tremulously extending his arms, he had again the gratification of once more folding to his breast the companion of his better days. "Yes," he exclaimed, "the harper of Aberfraw, though now blind and in distress, and whose youth and strength have faded like a morning dream, owns yet a heart that warms to the touch of recollected friendship; and who esteems it as a singular interposition of providence in his behalf, that he has this day been conducted to the threshold of one who has not only admitted those claims which the love of our country might suggest, but who feels for the wanderer, at the close of his pilgrimage, and in the hour of destitution, the same attachment which, in the morning of life, and under more auspicious circumstances, had been awakened in his favour."

Of a recognition thus striking and unexpected, it may readily be imagined that neither Edward nor his young companion could be unmoved spectators. The latter, indeed, seemed almost oppressed, at first, by astonishment, and

subsequently by emotions of tenderness and joy; while the former, scarcely less gratified at having been instrumental in bringing about a meeting so fortunate for one of the parties, and so interesting to both, came forwards, after a few moments spent in a silent contemplation of the scene, to express his pleasure at witnessing a reunion of friendship so long interrupted, and to hope, with Mr. Walsingham, that the minstrel would not decline satisfying their curiosity as to the causes which had led to his present unfortunate situation.

"My dear young friend," replied Lluellyn, "had not my brother here, as I may truly term him, as well from past as present good offices, an imperative claim on my assent, your late kindness and attention would have been alone sufficient to have obtained from me all that now lies in my very limited power to bestow. The tale you solicit, however, must appear to any other ear, save that of Mr. Walsingham, as of little worth, and is, indeed, but a repetition of the sorrows which have fallen to the lot of many. But if you will excuse the weakness of an old man, who, though resigned

to his fate, cannot look back upon the events of his life without keenly feeling the deprivations which he has suffered, I will endeavour to retrace such a portion of my pilgrimage, at least, as may account not only for my present forlorn state, but for the motives which, though blind and in years, have induced me, thus accoutred as you see, to become a wanderer through the land." Then turning to Mr. Walsingham, "Yes, my friend," he continued, "you left me full of hope and enthusiasm, an ardent disciple of Nature and the Muses, and delighting amid the wilds and woods of Anglesea to record the deeds and the virtues of my ancestors; and though little elevated above the necessity of providing for the exigencies of the passing day, yet was I blessed with the love and patronage of my countrymen, and happy in the admiration which they avowed for the music of my harp, and for the simple strains to which I awoke its strings. And thus was it with me for some little time after you had left the pleasant hills of Cambria for a distant land: and in all probability even at this moment should I have been a grey-haired harper on my native moun-

tains, had not the fascinations of that passion which has so often moulded the destinies of man, led me to seek for happiness among the dwellings of our Saxon neighbours.

"It was on the yearly festival of our bards that, among those whom the love of song had gathered round the sacred circle of stones, I first beheld Adeline De Wilton. She had come with her father from the North of England, on a visit to some relations who had settled in Caernarvonshire, and induced by the high interest which has ever accompanied the celebration of the Bardic rites, she formed one among the many who stood around the Stone of Federation. It chanced to be the very day on which, as one of the aspirants to the loftiest privileges of Bardic science, I made my claim before the Master of the Gorsedd; and when, in due succession, I struck the harp and raised the song, the glow of rapture which animated the countenance of Adeline, and the expression of sympathy and feeling which, in respondence to the tenor of the strain, occasionally beamed from her humid eyes, soon caught, and at length almost exclusively fixed my attention.

There was something, indeed, in the manner and person of Adeline of a cast so decidedly superior to all which I had hitherto witnessed in her sex, that even now, when age may be supposed to have in no trifling degree blunted the keenness of sensibility, and impaired the retention of memory, does the scene often return to me in all its primal freshness and vividity. Suffice it to say, that from the impression which this casual interview had made upon me, I endeavoured to secure an interest in the heart of Adeline; and, as soon as success had crowned my efforts, I prepared to accompany her and her father into England, relinquishing the independent but desultory life of a wandering bard, to become the cultivator of a small farm which they possessed in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Yes, my friend, singular as it may appear, we have long dwelt within twelve or thirteen miles of each other, without an opportunity, or shall I say a chance, of recognition. You will start when I tell you, that for nearly thirty years I have been an inhabitant of Rosedale, pursuing in silence and obscurity the rural occupations to which the nature of my wife's property, and the

maintenance of a family, rendered it my duty to apply."

"I must confess, Lluellyn," replied Mr. Walsingham, "that your statement has, in one instance, greatly surprised me; for how could I have suspected that the enthusiastic and aspiring bard of Aberfraw would have become one of the humble agriculturists of the pastoral recesses of Rosedale! Yet I do not think the circumstance of our remaining unknown to each other, though separated but by the small streams of the Rye and the Dove, as in any striking degree marvellous; for my life here has been, with very few exceptions, one of singular seclusion, dedicated, indeed, not only to the purposes of private education, but to those of professed retirement; and consequently when not called upon to assist my immediate neighbours through the medium of charity or advice, my days have glided on more resembling those of an ancient anchorite than of a modern country gentleman. It is, moreover, highly probable, had we met soon after my first coming hither, that, even then, the separation of nearly twenty years, the very place of our interview, and the totally unexpected

forms under which we must have appeared to each other, would, without the intervention of some such accident as hath now occurred, have prevented all recognition. It is true that the name of Lluellyn of Rosedale has more than once reached my ear; but that any identity existed between him and the companion of my youth, never once entered my mind, even under the form of surmise. But I have yet to learn, my good friend, why, at the close of your days, you have ventured to resume the garb and profession which so well suited the romantic fervor of early life? Surely the experiment must be deemed, at your age, one of no little danger and fatigue."

"It is the only one," replied the agitated bard, "which misfortune and perfidy have left me!— But I proceed with my story. For a few brief years did Adeline and myself enjoy all the happiness which our fondest hopes had pictured; we were blessed with several children, and the cultivation of our little farm produced not merely the necessaries, but even the comforts of life; and, in short, varied and uncontrolled as had been the morning of my days, when to carol

to the music of my harp was all my care, did I feel in the lovely and sequestered shades of Rosedale any reason to regret the unshackled freedom of the mountain bard. But truly has it been said by him who well knew on what frail materials the boasted happiness of our species is built, that man was born to trouble! For, enviable as was my lot at this period, when health, industry, and content seemed to promise a more than common durability to our blessings, misery was about to bow me to the earth with a series of afflictions of which the pressure must be irremoveable on this side the grave.

"Happy was it for Henry De Wilton that he lived not to see his beloved daughter in the hour of her distress. He died in our arms, and in the sunshine of our days, invoking blessings on us and on his grand-children. He was thus in mercy spared the agony of witnessing the ruin of his descendants by one of their own number; for it was through the sordid selfishness of Robert, the sole surviving brother of Adeline, that we first tasted of the cup of sorrow. Plunged in difficulties from which he well knew no assistance of ours could finally

extricate him, yet anxious merely for a time to obtain fresh credit, for the purpose, as it afterwards appeared, of escaping the just claims of those to whom his expensive habits had laid him under obligation, he coolly and basely sacrificed us to the accomplishment of his scheme, and by imposing on myself a plausible but false statement of his affairs, and by artfully appealing at the same time to the compassionate feelings of a too partial sister, he at length succeeded in inducing us to guarantee the payment of his debts.

"Scarcely, however, had the fatal bond been given, when this unnatural brother, having previously arranged every thing for the completion of his purpose, converted what property remained within his grasp exclusively to his own use, and fled to the continent, leaving us, on whose affectionate confidence he had thus inhumanly imposed, in a state almost bordering on despair. Year after year, indeed, did we struggle to meet the claims of those to whom we had now become answerable, suffering in silence, and as far as laid in our power, in concealment, almost every privation to which penury and its

attendant evils can subject the most wretched of mankind. Great, however, as were our physical wants, had they been compatible with the health and strength of our children, both Adeline and myself could have borne the pressure with hearts comparatively at ease. But to see the innocent victims of our too easy credulity gradually sinking into disease, the result of scanty or unwholesome nourishment; and to witness, as I daily did, the self-accusing tortures of their unhappy mother, was an agony of which, under the most galling provocation, I would not wish my bitterest enemy to be susceptible. No, not for all which this world has to give, would I again endure the misery which for several successive years pressed on my spirits, as, one by one, and at an age too when long and habitual association had wound them trebly round our hearts, I followed my children to the grave. Yes, Mr. Walsingham," he continued, taking his young companion by the hand, whose half-suppressed sobbing had just become painfully audible, "of all my once happy group, this, the child of my old age, my beloved Hoel, is the only one whom Providence

has spared me;" a declaration which was instantly followed by the poor youth, who had already pressed close to his father's side, throwing himself with uncontrollable emotion into his arms.

It was not long, however, before this burst of feeling, which nature had called forth, and which neither Edward nor his guardian, from a sacred respect to the privileges of misfortune, ventured to interrupt, began gradually to subside, when Llnellyn, tenderly disengaging himself from the embraces of his child, and once more recomposing his scattered spirits, proceeded with his narrative.

"You will, I am well convinced, Mr. Walsingham," he said, "make allowance for these involuntary ebullitions of grief; they are weaknesses, indeed, more peculiarly incident to old age and opening life; and my poor Hoel here has not only to mourn for his brothers and sisters, but for losses, in many points of view, still more fatal to his peace and welfare. Not many months, in short, had passed over the last of the melancholy events I have just related, before anxiety of mind, fatigue of body,

and insufficiency of support, causes which had been long operating together towards the subversion of my health, brought on me the attack of a malignant fever; and though from this, after a painful and protracted struggle, I escaped with life, it was but to feel the sense of destitution with yet keener intensity, for it had pleased the Almighty to deprive me of my sight!

"Nor was this the last or the worst of my inflictions; for so severely had my poor Adeline's health suffered through her unremitting attention to me, and so exquisitely did she feel the misery to which the dreadful termination of my illness had consigned us, that, notwithstanding the most exemplary patience on her part, and the most perfect submission to the will of heaven, she rapidly sunk beneath the shock, and left me to deplore her loss at a time when I most stood in need of her assistance.

"It was at this period of accumulated distress, and but a few weeks, indeed, after the tomb had closed over her who had long endeared life to me with all its evils, that my unfeeling creditors, with a total inattention to

circumstances which ought to have suggested forbearance in every humane bosom, seized upon the small remainder of our property, and, with little more than might enable us to provide for the exigencies of a few days, drove us from the roof to which a long series of domestic associations had bound us as with ties of love, to wander through the world, pensioners on the casual charity of every passing stranger.

"And here, my honoured friend," continued the grey-haired harper, clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, "let me, with devout and humblest gratitude, acknowledge, that when apparently deserted by man, and left, as it were, to perish by the way-side, I was not forgotten by my God! Ever had it been my care to bring up my family with a full reliance on the mercy and merits of their Redeemer, and now, in mine old age, though blind and begging my bread, I feel that within me — that stay and comfort from above, without which no temporal gift can prove a blessing, and with which, though all on earth forsake me, I need not to fear!

"With a firm dependence, therefore, on his

protection, who suffereth not the poor but innocent man to sink unheeded beneath oppression, and with nothing but my harp, and my little Hoel, as the companions of my way, I bade farewell to all that in my better days had ministered to honest pride and home enjoyments; but when, with faltering steps and aching hearts, we paused on the confines of our once happy valley, and my Hoel turned to take a last and lingering view of that cottage where all our worldly comfort had been centered, and which now, as the setting sun shone sweetly on its reeded roof and woodbined porch, seemed, as he told me, like a paradise on earth, our emotions became too powerful for suppression, and, like the mournful Israelites of old remembering Sion, we sate down and wept.

"Our grief, however, in a short time subsided into that acquiescence with the dispensations of Providence, to which a good mind will always reconcile itself, and which ever induces, as its reward, that tone and temper of thought, which, though far removed from all that can suggest ideas of mere earthly enjoyment, is yet, from its dependence on him who chasteneth but

in love, inexpressibly soothing and consolatory. Yes, Mr. Walsingham, destitute as we might seem to be, when, on the evening of that mournful day, we left Rosedale for ever, yet trusting, as we did, in him who suffereth not the guileless heart to seek its bread in vain, we found each cottage ready to relieve our wants, and even anxious to afford us shelter during the night, so that it was not until the third evening after quitting our late abode that we reached the Ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, though a distance but of twelve miles."

"And whither, my good friend," exclaimed the worthy divine, wiping his eyes as he put the question to his unfortunate guest, "whither do you mean to go? Surely your age and loss of sight, and the youth and delicacy of your companion, are little calculated to sustain the hardships and privations of a wandering life — of a life dependent on the precarious charity of strangers. No, not even your harp, nor the voice of your affectionate Hoel, nor the affliction under which it has pleased Providence to place you, will, I am afraid, secure you against the miseries of want. Your instrument may, indeed, from its novelty

in this part of the island, for a short time attract the notice, and the scanty remuneration of the peasantry; but you will recollect, Lluellyn, that you are not in the land of the harp, not among a people from their infancy enthusiastically attached to its melody, nor romantic enough to reward the skill of its itinerant professors with a permanency of praise and profit."

"I am well aware of it," replied the minstrel, sighing deeply as he spoke; "the Saxon, noble and generous though he be, hath never, like the Cambrian, exclusively devoted himself, and with a flow of feeling too, derived from the earliest ages, to the music of our beloved harp. Yet even here, as far as I may judge at least from the experience of the last few days, the harp of Lluellyn has not altogether lost its powers of pleasing. But, it will be said, that I have not yet passed the limits where the compassion of my neighbours may be supposed to operate; and that probably beyond the vallies of Rosedale and the Rye, not even the powers of Llywarch or Taliessin would ensure me support. My object, however, is merely to obtain, through the medium of our joint efforts, such

a small addition to our present scanty resources, as may enable me to reach my native land; for there, though years have passed away, Lluellyn yet lives in the memory of his friends, nor will they in his misery desert the once loved harper of Aberfraw. No, the graves of his fathers are yet green; nor will they who have survived to plant the flower, and deck the sod, where sleep the relics of his hapless race, refuse to welcome the declining bard, though he return to their protection poor, alas! and old and blind!"

"This is, indeed, Lluellyn," returned Mr. Walsingham, "a peculiar and delightful characteristic of our noble country, that her children pay such marked and affecting reverence to the ashes of their forefathers; it is an observance which tends, perhaps, more than any thing else, to preserve the love of family and kindred; nor have I any doubt but that your reception will be such in Mona as you have fondly hoped. In the meantime, my dear and venerable master, may this roof be your shelter from all further injury; and should you, after mature consideration, still persist in the wish of

revisiting the scenes of your early life, be assured we will contrive a more safe and effectual mode of gratifying your inclination than that which from necessity, perhaps, you have been compelled to adopt. But I perceive you are exhausted — we will retire, and may He who is a refuge for the oppressed, and who forgetteth not the sorrows of the humble and resigned, watch over and protect you!"

As he said this, lights were brought in, and the party separating for the night, Lluellyn and his son were conducted to a room where two beds, and every corresponding accommodation, had been prepared, with as much attention to their comfort and convenience, as if they had visited the cottage of the Rye in all the ostentation of prosperity,

(*To be continued.*)

No. VI.

—— Heroes, here their eyes have closed,
And statesmen from their toils reposed;
And sages, won by nature's charms,
Have wooed her to their longing arms;
And poets, here have struck the lyre —
And caught the soul-inflaming fire,
Which, as it thrilled their nerves along,
And woke the hidden powers of song,
To distant times again addrest,
Shall raise the mind, and warm the breast.

CLIFFORD.

THE lines which I have placed at the head of this paper, are taken from a volume entitled "Tixhall Poetry," published in the year 1813, by Arthur Clifford, Esq., a work which has afforded me so much gratification, as presenting some very lovely and interesting pictures, domestic and literary, of the seventeenth century, that I have been tempted to bring it before my readers as a pleasing subject for an Autumnal Evening's lucubration.

Tixhall, in Staffordshire, the seat of Thomas Clifford Esquire, the elder brother of the Editor of the poems, exhibits, adjoining to the modern structure, the Ruins of the ancient Mansion of the *Astons*, a family, of which the present possessor of Tixhall is the descendant in the female line*, and which has flourished for many centuries in this place and its immediate vicinity. "Near the confluence of the Sow and Trent," says Camden, "stands *Ticks-Hall*, the seat of the family of Aston, of great eminence in these parts, for its antiquity, and alliances†"; and Fuller has not less honourably distinguished its character when he observes, "I have not met with a more noble family, measuring on the level of flat and unadvantaged antiquity. They have ever borne a good respect to the church, and to learned men."‡

Of this family, alike interesting for their private virtues and their literary acquirements,

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* Thomas Clifford Esq. is great grandson of Walter, fourth Lord Aston, great grandson of Sir Walter Aston, the friend of Drayton.

† Gough's Camden, vol. ii. p. 406, as quoted by Mr. Clifford.

‡ Art. Staffordshire, as quoted by Mr. Clifford.

Sir Walter Aston, subsequently first Lord Aston, Baron of Forfar, in Scotland, was in many respects one of the most illustrious members. He was born about the year 1580, the eldest son and heir of Sir Edward Aston Knt. who married the only daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in the county of Warwick, celebrated to all posterity as one of the chief causes of Shakspeare's removal to London*. The connection between the two families is thus

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* I may be here permitted to quote a passage from my own "Shakspeare and his Times," which closes the first part of that work.

"It is impossible to contemplate the flight of Shakspeare from his family and native town, without pausing to reflect upon the consequences which followed that event; consequences most singularly propitious, not only to the intellectual character of his country in particular, but to the excitation and progress of genius throughout the world. Had not poverty and prosecution united in driving Shakspeare from his humble occupation in Warwickshire, how many matchless lessons of wisdom and morality, how many unparalleled displays of wit and imagination, of pathos and sublimity, had been buried in oblivion; pictures of emotion, of character, of passion, more profound than mere philosophy had ever conceived, more impressive than poetry had ever yet embodied; strains which shall now sound through distant posterity with increasing energy and interest, and which shall powerfully and beneficially continue to influence and to mould both national and individual feeling." Vol. i. p. 412.

noticed by a poet of the seventeenth century, who, in a dedication of his works to Walter, second Lord Aston, speaking of the celebrity of his Lordship's house which had then produced "nineteen brave knights" and "two princely "lords," and of which he boasts himself a member, adds

Tixhall, the fountain whence these heroes flow,
Where hospitality and bounty grow;
Here I my noble ancestors of old,
Tracing the steps of charity, behold,
By love's fair hand to mine own cradle led
Aston and Lucy joined in one bed *.

Sir Walter being a minor at the death of his father in 1597, he was placed by the Queen under the wardship of the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, and at the coronation of her successor, and consequently very shortly after his coming of age, received the honour of knighthood. About 1607 he married Gertrude Sadler, only daughter of Sir Thomas Sadler

* From a little book in the library at Tixhall, entitled "The Poems of Ben Jonson, junior, being a Miscelanie of Soriousness, Wit, Mirth, and Mysterie, &c. Composed by W. S. Gent. 1672."

of Standon Lordship, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and grand-daughter of the Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight Banneret, whose valuable state papers have been lately given to the world under the care of Arthur Clifford Esq. the editor of the work we are now reviewing, and of Sir Walter Scott.

It was soon after this marriage, which ultimately produced him ten children, five of which survived him, that Sir Walter Aston again advanced in the career of preferment, being created a Baronet in 1611, a dignity which was followed, in 1619, by a diplomatic trust of essential importance to the state, the joint ambassadorship, in fact, with Sir John Digby, Earl of Bristol, to Spain, in order to negotiate a marriage between Charles Prince of Wales and the Infanta of Philip the Third. In this difficult and delicate duty, he conducted himself with so much skill and discretion, and so much to the satisfaction of all parties at home, that, on his return to England, immediately after the demise of James the First, he was created by letters patent, dated Novemb. 28th 1627, a peer of the realm of Scotland, under the title of Baron Aston of Forfar.

No stronger proof, indeed, could be given of the value attached to his services in Spain, than the circumstance of his having been again sent into that country, a few years afterwards, as sole ambassador. It was in 1635 that he revisited the peninsula in this capacity; and though his residence there extended not beyond three years, such was the munificent and disinterested manner in which he exercised his functions, that notwithstanding the income arising from his estates in the counties of Stafford, Warwick, Derby, and Leicester, amounted, if estimated by the value of property in the present day, to little less than fifty thousand a year, he spent the greater part of this ample fortune during his mission to that splendid court. He survived the expiration of his embassy but a short period; his return from Spain taking place in 1638, and his death the following year.*

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* "In Lord Bagot's house at Blithfield, about eight miles from Tixhall," relates Mr. Clifford, "there is a portrait of the first Lord Aston, painted on board. He has a firm, but pleasing countenance; short light-coloured hair, and whiskers; his dress is black, laced with gold; and round his neck is a triple gold chain, which is said to have been a present from King Charles the First." p. 359.

Estimable, however, as was the character of the first Lord Aston in a public capacity, it is to his private life, to his virtues as a man, and to his liberality as a patron, that we turn with affection and delight.

It appears, indeed, from some intimations scattered through the Tixhall poetry, and the notes connected with it, that Sir Walter possessed, together with great goodness of heart, and the utmost probity of moral character, the most winning urbanity and sweetness of manners. "There was in his countenance," remarks Lloyd, "such a throne of sweetness, and his words had so powerful a charm, set off with so agreeable and taking gravity, that the *respect* due to him was not lost in the *love* he had deserved; nor the *love* he attained to abated by the respect he commanded." *

That in the very bosom of his family, as well as among his more general connections, he was equally distinguished for these amiable and endearing qualities, we have the express testimony of his daughter Gertrude, afterwards Mrs.

* Worthies, vol. ii. p. 249. as quoted by Mr. Clifford.

Thimelby, and it is one, on such a subject, of decisive value; for often indeed does it happen that the urbanity, which is exercised abroad, is too little felt at home. Speaking of her father's monument, she affirms, that it was

> The inclosure of a worth the world nere knew
> But in his time,

and then adds, in allusion to his domestic habits,

> So sweet a winning way he had on all,
> None knew but lov'd him, no desert so small
> But he would grace, and still did something say,
> That none could goe unsatisfy'd away.*

To these virtues of the heart were added an exquisite taste for, and an ardent love of, literature and poetry, and fortunately for the disciples of the Muses, Sir Walter possessed the means as well as the inclination for patronizing what he admired. Among those whom he early honoured by his approbation and liberality, was that fine old poet of the Elizabethan age,

* Tixhall Poetry, p. 88.

Michael Drayton, who, Mr. Clifford thinks, wrote several of his poems at Tixhall. Indeed the intimacy which subsisted between them appears to have been of the most cordial and affectionate kind, commencing, on the part of the patron, at an age when the disinterested emotions of the human breast are in general most ardently alive; for when Drayton dedicated his "Epistle of the Black Prince" to Maister Walter Aston, in 1598, the latter was but eighteen years old! Drayton was at this period in his thirty-fifth year, and being as distinguished for moral virtue as for poetical talent, was, in every respect, a fit object, as well for friendship as for patronage.

Nothing, in fact, was required from the poet than what his judgment and his feelings might conscientiously avow, and his various dedications, therefore, whilst they liberally acknowledge the generosity of his patron, are written in a style which clearly prove that, as to the sentiments of the heart, they met on equal terms. Of this no stronger instance can be given than what occurs in the Dedication of his "Barons Wars," in 1603, where, after telling his young

friend, that he disdains the "formal ordinary course" of flattery, he nobly adds,

Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election sorted,
Than stands in censure of the common voyce,
That with light humor fondly is transported:
Nor take I patterne of another's praise,
But what my pen can constantly avowe;
Nor walke more publique, nor obscurer waies,
Than vertue bids, and judgement will alow.

That a connection thus honourably commenced to both parties in a literary point of view, should lead to personal and domestic intimacy, might naturally be expected; and accordingly, very shortly after the above lines were written, we find Dráyton attending upon his patron as one of his Esquires, when, at the Coronation of James the First, he was created a Knight of the Bath; a title which first appears from the pen of the bard in the dedication to Sir Walter of his poem termed "The Owl," in 1604.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that it was a subject of frequent and pleasing contemplation

alike to patron and to poet, that their names should descend together to a distant posterity; an idea which seems to have been introduced by Drayton into the dedication of his "Moses" to Sir Walter in 1604, as if it had been, even then, a topic of mutual and confidential consideration to both; for the address terminates in the following emphatic manner:

We make you tender of these hallowed rimes,
The vertuous payment of a worthier debt,
Till to *our* names *that* monument we reare,
That steele and marble unto dust shall weare.

That by the monument here alluded to was meant his great work, the *Polyolbion*, the first part of which was published in 1612, and was, doubtless, the labour of many years, there is every reason to believe, more especially, as both in the preface, and in the body of the poem, he has taken care to record his patron as the person to whom he was essentially indebted for the means and opportunity of carrying on and completing his favourite subject. "Whatever," he says in his preface, "is herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confesse it to

proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those houres, whose leasure hath effected this which I now publish." And in the twelfth song of the Poem, speaking of the confluence of the rivers *Sow* and *Penk* with the *Trent*, near which the mansion of Sir Walter was situated, he seizes the occasion not only for acknowledging the hospitality of his friend, but for intimating that much of his poetry had been written under his protecting roof; a passage which, as recording in a striking manner the gratitude of the poet, and the liberality of the patron, Mr. Clifford has chosen as the motto for his book.

——— Sow, which from her spring,
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth bring
To Trent, by TIXHALL grac'd, the ASTON's ancient seat,
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat.
The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honoured titles grace:

May Heaven still bless that house, till, happy floods, you see
Yourselves more graced by it, than it by you can be.
Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,
As when she shall want words, her signs shall it express.

It appears, indeed, that not satisfied with this effort to unite himself in the eye of posterity with his noble patron, he once more dedicated to him, and with the expressed intimation of a similar design, a Collection of the Poems which he had written during the reign of Elizabeth. This appeared in 1619; and in the address to Sir Walter, which is in the form of a letter, he tells him, "These my few poems, the workes of that maiden reigne, in the spring of our acquaintance, as it pleased you then to patronize, as I singly set them forth; so now collected into this small volume, I make the best present that my poore abilitie is able to tender you;" and he concludes the epistle, after some remarks on the unpropitious aspect of the times when compared with the "muse-nursing season" of

the preceding age, in the following emphatic terms: "Worthy Sir, my wish is, that as long as these poems can live, they may remaine as a monument by mee raised to your honour, whose continuance I wish, with as much happinesse to your family as can be desired, By your devoted M. Drayton."

There are few instances on literary record where genius has met with more generous and liberal protection, than that afforded us by the friendship of Sir Walter Aston and Michael Drayton. By the one patronage was bestowed without ostentation, the spontaneous offspring, as it were, of a sound judgment and a benevolent heart; by the other it was received with gratitude and acknowledged without servility; in a manner indeed which, whilst it indicated the highest love and respect, expressed, at the same time, a conscious sense of his own moral worth and mental independency.

Sir Walter was, in fact, not only a judge of what poetry should be, but he was also a poet himself; at least we know that in his latter years, and whilst on his second embassy to Spain, he amused himself by metrical transla-

tion, and probably, as Mr. Clifford suggests, from the Spanish poets; for his youngest daughter, Constantia, writing, in 1636, to her brother Herbert, who had accompanied his father, then Lord Aston, to Madrid, says, alluding to their correspondence, "I have receaved another (letter) from you some five dayes agoe, which you writ to my sister and mee together, and in it sent us most admirable verses of my lord's translating, which are justly admired by all here." *

That a character thus good, and thus gifted, should be surrounded by a family aspiring to emulate his virtues and his talents, was a consequence to be expected with ardent hope, though not looked forward to as a necessary result. Fortunately, in this instance the expectation was accomplished, for of the five children who survived him, all appear to have been highly worthy of their origin.

Of *Walter*, the eldest, and second Lord Aston, however, not much is known; but what

* Tixhall Poetry, Preface, p. xix.

has been discovered, speaks him to have been a man of polished intellect, and unblemished integrity; as a soldier, (for he was governor of Lichfield in 1646,) magnanimous and brave; as a brother and a husband, affectionate and kind. He married, in 1629, Lady Mary Weston, daughter of Richard Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer of England, and, in 1660, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the estate of Standon Lordship, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, which had been originally the gift of Henry the Eighth to Sir Ralph Sadler.

This was an acquisition which led the Aston family to an alternate residence at Standon and Tixhall until the year 1750, when James, fifth Lord Aston, and grandfather of the Editor of the "Tixhall Poetry," dying at Tixhall, left his property equally divided between his two daughters, an event which, shortly afterwards, induced the sale of the Standon House and estate, when the pictures, books, &c. &c. including the state papers and letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, were removed to Tixhall, and where the latter remained until they were ultimately sent

to the press by the care and research of Mr. Clifford. Walter, second Lord Aston, died in 1678, after a marriage with his lady, who survived him, of forty-nine years.*

Herbert Aston, third son of Sir Walter, was born at Chelsea, in 1614. He appears to have been early and ardently attached to Catherine Thimelby, sister of Sir John Thimelby, of Irnham, in Lincolnshire, whom, on his return from Spain, whither he had accompanied his father,

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* Elizabeth Aston, eldest daughter of Walter, second Lord Aston, married Sir John Southcote, of Albery, in the parish of Merstham, in Surrey.

"At Albery," says Manning, the historian of the county, "was formerly a capital mansion-house, the residence of the Southcotes. The family were Roman Catholics, and are said to have quitted in disgust, on being refused burial for one of them in the chancel. The house was called Albery Place, and was taken down in 1750. The chapel is said to have been very splendid. The loss of this family was long felt in the parish, and a grateful remembrance of their extensive charities has been handed down to the present day; during their residence, no calamity or casualty happened to an individual, no unproductive season occasioned a scarcity, but ready assistance was given. The last Lady Southcote is said to have been constantly stationed, at certain well-known times, on her garden-terrace, overlooking the road, prepared to hear every petition, and to answer every claim on her benevolence." — Manning's Survey, vol. ii. p. 260, as quoted by Mr. Clifford, p. 361.

he afterwards married. His passion for this lady, to whom he gives the poetical name of Seraphina, and who seems to have been highly worthy of his affections, induced him to become a decided votary of the Muses; for though, with the exception of a few pieces preserved in the "Tixhall Poetry" and "Letters," his productions of this kind have all perished, yet, in a note addressed by him to one of the Thimelbyes, and inserted by Mr. Clifford in his preface, he has given us a catalogue of not less than seven and thirty of his own poems. From a taste thus originating and thus assiduously cultivated, it would be natural to conclude that his lady could scarcely avoid imbibing a similar partiality for this elegant art; and accordingly we find from the volume before us, that Mrs. Aston was not only a collector but a composer of verses, some specimens of which are included in the "Tixhall Poetry."

Mr. Aston, shortly after his marriage, fixed his residence at Colton, a village about six miles from Tixhall, where he built a mansion on property given him by his father, and, as the house was in a great measure finished by the

benevolence and affection of his friends, he chose to designate it by the appellation of *Bellamour*, a name which, translating into English, he from that time, also, bestowed upon his wife, calling her "Good Love," as an appropriate indication of her excellent and amiable disposition. He had the misfortune, however, to survive his lady for a period of more than thirty years, she dying in 1658, and he not until the year 1689. They are buried at Colton, but without an inscription to record their memory.*

Of the daughters of Sir Walter Aston, *Frances*, the third daughter, married Sir William Persall, Knt. of Canwell, near Lichfield, an

* At Colton, also, there was a seat belonging to Lord Aston. "It was," according to Pennant, "a magnificent old mansion, and contained eighty lodging rooms; but it was burnt to the ground by the carelessness of a servant. On the spot where it stood, which commands a delightful view of the river and vale of Trent, there is now a farm-house, the property of Lord Viscount Anson, of Shugborough.

"During Lord Aston's absence in Spain, it appears to have been the occasional residence of his three daughters, Lady Persall, Gertrude Aston, afterwards Mrs. Henry Thimelby, and Mrs. Fowler." — Tixhall Poetry, notes, p. 384.

estate beautifully situated, and formerly the scite of a priory. She appears from the "Tixhall Poetry" to have been a most amiable and accomplished woman, but unfortunate in the loss of her children. These however have been lamented with great tenderness and beauty, by her poetical sister, Gertrude Aston, of whose productions indeed, forming the second division of the Tixhall Collection, they may be considered as no inadequate specimens. The first is addressed to Sir William and his Lady "on the Death of their little Franke," and concludes in the following striking manner:

Say in him we knowe did meete
All was good, and all was sweet,
Does this aggravate your cross?
Your gaine is greater than your loss.
For, alas! what did he here?
Please your eye, delight your eare:
He your sense's welcome guest,
Treates your soules now with a feast.
'Tis his powerfull praires give you
All good here, and heaven too.
Yet hence your comfort most will rise,
God loves the child that quickly dies.

The second, sent to the same parties on the Death of their Daughter, is not less remarkable for its happiness of thought and expression. How could we hope, says the fair writer on this melancholy occasion,

Long to enjoy that little heaven on earth?
Was not her mind drawne in her lovely face?
Did not her soule shine through the cristall case?
As a cleare sun, upon a cloudless day,
On some calme streame bestowes his brightest ray.
But death inform'd us that the goale was wonne
Before the race did seeme to us begunne.
It were a sin to wish her here againe;
But pardon if I say that all the paine
For such a losse, belongs not so to you,
But we may challenge equall portions too.
We rivall not, but thus our title prove,
Though yours by nature, she was ours by love.

Gertrude Aston, fourth daughter of Sir Walter, married Henry Thimelby, Esq. third brother of Sir John Thimelby of Irnham. To her we are indebted for many poetical effusions of great merit, forming indeed one entire division of the Tixhall Poetry. They are altogether of the domestic kind, commemorating the plea-

sures, or bewailing the misfortunes, of her friends and relatives, and exhibit an interesting picture of the virtues and sensibilities of her heart.

She has not forgotten too the expression of her own sufferings and sorrows, which were of no trivial nature; for her husband, to whom she was ardently attached, died young, and their only child, the sole tye which bound her to the world, soon followed its lamented father to the grave. There is something inexpressibly tender and affecting in the following lines on the death of her child, which seem to indicate a persuasion on her part, that her child was taken from her as the punishment of her faults, and reunited to its father as the reward of his virtues.

Deare infant, 'twas thy mother's fault
So soone inclos'd thee in a vault:
And father's good, that in such hast
Has my sweet child in heaven plac'd.
I'll weepe the first as my offence,
Then joy that he made recompence:
Yet must confesse my frailty such,
My joy by greife's exceeded much:

Though I, in reason, know thy blisse
Can not be wish'd more than it is,
Yet this selfelove o'errules me soe,
I'de have thee here, or with thee goe.

This last deprivation determined her to relinquish society, and to seek in the consolations of religion the only balm which remained for her on earth. She accordingly left her seat at Corby near Irnham, and sought an asylum in a convent of English Nuns, at Louvain, in Flanders, of which her husband's sister, Winefrid Thimelby, was abbess, and where she remained until death restored her to her husband and her child.

"Of this la'y abbess," says Mr. Clifford, "I found (at Tixhill) no less than sixty or seventy very beautiful letters, addressed to Herbert Aston; from which, the following affecting passages relate to Mrs. Henry Thimelby. 'For our dearest sister, though her eye's deluge be not yet wholly ceased, yet who can repine att so happy a flood, which has raysed her to the contemplation of heaven, wher such pearlls as her tears contribute with other jewells to the ritches

of that ocean of delight.' — ' But enouf of this sad subject; I must have place to communicate my joyes. Our dear sister hath now changed murning into whight attire. Oh! had you seene the solemnity, I am confident y^r hart wod not have contained all the joy, but shed som att your eyes; no less than Heaven can dim the splendour of this glorious day.' "

I cannot help thinking but that, in the third division of the " Tixhall Poetry," consisting of " Poems collected by the Right Honourable Lady Aston," the piece entitled " The Royal Nun," was selected as bearing a reference to the above affecting scene. This beautiful poem, included in a manuscript bearing the date of 1662, but in all probability several years older, has been introduced into the first act of Lee's " Theodosius," but differing materially from the copy published in the volume before me. Who was the author is not known, for Lee's play is long posterior to its existence in the Tixhall manuscript; but it bears a striking resemblance, as Mr. Clifford has justly observed, to Dr. Percy's popular song commencing " Say, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me." I shall intro-

duce it here, not only as a specimen of the taste of the fair selector, but as, in many respects, a most interesting and pathetic illustration of what we have been just told occurred in the convent at Louvain.*

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

O Chrisostome! look down, and see
An offering worthy heaven and thee:
Soe rich the victime, bright and faire,
That she on earth appeares a star.
Eudosia is the Virgin's name,
And after-times shall sing her fame.

* Gibbon, observes Mr. Clifford, has given the following account of the subject of this poem: "From a motive either of prudence or religion, she (Pulcheria) embraced a life of celibacy; and this resolution, which she communicated to her sisters Arcadia and Marina, was celebrated by the Christian world, as the sublimest effort of heroic piety. In the presence of the clergy and people, the three daughters of Arcadius dedicated their virginity to God; and the obligation of their solemn vow was inscribed on a tablet of gold and gems, which they publicly offered in the great church of Constantinople. Their palace was converted into a monastery; and all males, except the guides of their conscience, were scrupulously excluded from the holy threshold. Pulcheria, her two sisters, and a chosen train of favoured damsels, formed a religious community; they renounced the vanity of dress, interrupted by frequent fasts their simple and frugal diet, allotted a portion of their time to works of embroidery, and devoted several hours of the day and night to the exercise of prayer and psalmody."

Lead the Voterice, lead her in,
Her holy birth-day now begin;
In humble weeds, but cleane array,
Thy houres shall sweetly pass away:
And when the rights devine are past,
To pleasant gardins we will hast.

PULCHERIA.

Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotion's bane,
Wher crownes are tost, and scepters hurl'd,
Wher lust and proud ambitions raigne?

Canst thou thy costly robes forbeare,
To live with us in poore attire?
Canst thou from courts to cells repaire,
To sing att midnight in the quire?

Canst thou forget the golden bed,
Wher thou mightst sleep beyond the morne,
On matts to lay thy royall head,
And have thy beauteous tresses shorne?

Canst thou resolve to fast all day,
And weepe and groane to be forgiven?
Canst thou in broken slumbers pray,
And by afflictions merit heaven?

CHORUS.

Say, Voterisse, can this be done?
Whilst we the grace divine implore—
The world shall lose the battles won,
And sin shall never chaine thee more.

MARINA.

The gate to blisse doth open stand,
And all my penance is in view;
The world, upon the other hand,
Cries out, Oh, doe not bid adue.

CHORUS.

What, what can pompe and glory doe?
Or what can human powers persuade?
That mind that hath a heaven in view,
How can it be by earth betraid?

MARINA.

Hast then, Oh, hast to take me in,
For ever locke Religion's dore;
Secure me from the charmes of sin,
And let me see the world noe more.

No. VII.

How pure the joy when first my hands unroll'd,
From the dark chest, all rough with tarnish'd gold,
The small thin quartos ——
The eye skims restless, like the roving bee,
O'er flowers of wit, and song, and repartee,
Flowers of the honour'd dead, a sacred trust!
Flowers that shall live, and blossom in their dust! *

RESUMING our account of the Aston family, we have now to bring forward the youngest surviving daughter of Sir Walter, CONSTANTIA ASTON, who became the wife of Walter Fowler, Esq. of St. Thomas Priory, near Stafford. She was the constant correspondent of her brother Herbert during his residence in Spain, appears to have been strongly attached to him, and did all in her power to bring to a successful issue his addresses to Catharine Thimelby, whom she professes in one of her

* These lines, but with considerable alteration, are taken from Dr. Ferriar's Bibliomania.

letters to value infinitely, and to love even above her own life. She had imbibed the family taste for poetry and elegant literature, and was, as several passages from her letters quoted by Mr. Clifford, sufficiently shew, a very warm admirer of her brother's verses, and very solicitous to form a perfect collection of them. One of these extracts paints her solicitude on the subject with so much naiveté and simplicity, and imparts so amiable an idea of her character and feeling, that I feel myself under the pleasing necessity of inserting it. " I have not receaved yet," she tells her brother Herbert, in a letter to him dated 1636, " those three copyes of verses you promised me for sending your box to Mr. Henry Thimelby, therfore I beseech you not to forget them, for I have a longe time much longed for them. And indeed I could almost find in my hart to quarrel with you, and to conclude my letter with it; for I have written to you I know not how often, and beged of you most pittyfully that you would send mee some verses of your owne makeing, and yet you never would, when you know I love them more then can bee expressed. And

in one of your letters, rather than you would send any of them to poore me, you writte word you had none, when I am sure you cannot chuse but thinke I know that is impossiable. And therfore pray see how hardly you deale with mee, when I have sent you all the verses that I could gett perpetuly, never omicting the sending of any that I could get that were good ones. Therefore I desire you will make an end of the quarrell, with sending mee some as sune as you can; for I assure you they can not come to one that will more esteme them then your ever most affectionat sister to serve you, Constance F." *

That a lady thus partial to the Muses, should be beloved by them in return, was a result that might naturally be expected; and we are pleased therefore to find in the "Tixhall Poetry" a most beautiful tribute to her personal charms. It was discovered by Mr. Clifford, on a scrap of paper, the back of which was inscribed, "These for Mrs. Constance Aston, at the Lady Marchiones of Clanricard's, dowager, Red Lion Square," and must have been written, he observes, "at

* Tixhall Poetry, Preface, p. xxi.

least as early as 1634; for about that time, or sooner, Constance Aston changed her name, and became Mrs. Fowler."

To Mrs. Constance Aston.

As in the summer a soft falling shower
  Tempereth Sol's beams, and cooles the parched earth,
Refresheth every field, to every flower,
  More sweetness yields, and gives to new ones birth:

So in this cloud of griefe your beauty weares,
  Your eyes but warme whom they were wont to burne,
Your lovely face thus gently dew'd with teares,
  For every drop doth a fresh charme returne.

And as this sorrow doth your beauty raise,
  By it of future joyes yourselfe assure;
It is their dawne; those are the fairest days,
  Whose morning light mists for a while obscure.

We must not forget to mention likewise, that Walter, third Lord Aston, and grandson of Sir Walter, by his marriage, about the year

1680, with *Catherine Gage*, daughter of Sir Thomas Gage of Firle, in Suffolk, introduced into the family a lady as much attached to the Muses as was Constance Fowler, and who had more than twenty years before formed a collection of verses which now appears as the third division of the "Tixhall Poetry."

To this singular and interesting group of poetical and kindred friends, it is necessary *lastly* to add the name of EDWARD THIMELBY, the second brother of Sir John Thimelby of Irnham, an ecclesiastic of great worth and piety, and who died provost of the collegiate church of St. Gery, in Cambray, about the year 1690. He was a man also of considerable erudition and taste; in his youth he possessed a large fund of vivacity and wit; and he appears, from his share in the Tixhall collection, to have entered into the family poetical compact with infinite spirit and play of imagination.

It is to the persons whom I have now enumerated that we are indebted for the Collection entitled "Tixhall Poetry," a series of effusions of which part is original, and part selected from preceding and contemporary writers. In which-

ever light it is viewed, it reflects great credit on the talent and taste of the parties who contributed to its formation. But it does more than this, for it brings them before us as moral and domestic characters, with many of those minute traits which delight the heart, and give to the picture, as it were, a living beauty and freshness. It may be said indeed very frequently to present us with a transcript of the feelings, affections, and literary acquirements of five distinct but allied families, who, during the seventeenth century, resided in the very centre of England, and within a few miles of each other; for Mr. Clifford informs us, that the *Priory of St. Thomas* is but three miles from *Vixhall*, which is five from *Bellamour*; from that to *Canwell* is fifteen, which places are all in Staffordshire; and from Canwell to *Irnham* in Lincolnshire, is about five and thirty miles.*

An impulse, indeed, both moral and literary, and which seems not to have degenerated in its descent, may be considered as having been

* Preface, p. xxvii.

communicated to the individuals constituting these families, by the example of Walter, first Lord Aston, whose virtues and whose love of letters not only influenced his own children, but was carried with them throughout all their connections; and though they are all now in the male line become extinct, their very names and dwellings having perished, yet in the female descent the house of Aston not only maintains an undiminished, but enjoys an increasing celebrity for literary taste and talent,—a remark which naturally leads me to one of the most interesting parts of my subject, the discovery by Mr. Clifford of the poetry written or collected by these families in the house of his brother at Tixhall.

It will be recollected that the "State Papers and Letters" of Sir Ralph Sadler, which were published by Mr. Arthur Clifford in 1809, had been preserved in the library at Tixhall, and it occurred to the editor soon after that publication, and with an impression indeed which he could not dismiss from his mind, that there were still concealed in his brother's house some valuable manuscripts, especially some connected

with Sir Walter Aston's embassies to Spain. Determined, therefore, that these treasures should not escape him from want of research, he instituted on his next visit to Tixhall a very vigilant enquiry after their existence; and, as the account which he has given us of the issue of his exploratory efforts forms one of the most interesting episodes in the annals of Bibliographic adventure, and is written, indeed, *con amore*, I shall present it to my readers, although a pretty long extract, in his own words.

"On my arrival at Tixhall," says Mr. Clifford, "I began my search by enquiring after an old oaken box, covered with variegated gilt leather, and ornamented with brass nails, which, according to the tradition of the family, had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler. It is certain that Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers had been preserved in that box, both at Standon Lordship and Tixhall, but they had been removed out of it many years ago; partly, perhaps, for the purpose of depositing them in a still safer place, and probably, also, with the intention of showing them to such visitors at Tixhall as might feel a

curiosity to examine such ancient manuscripts.* The box, however, at that time, was not very closely examined, or many papers were purposely left in it, as the reader will be informed hereafter. I had often heard my eldest sister, Mrs. Wolseley, relate, that my father (who, when he was first married, lived in the old house, now a ruin,) determined, on some occasion or other, to make a great bonfire in the court; and to throw into it a large quantity of old boxes, lumber, and rubbish, which had been accumulating in the ancient mansion, perhaps for more than two centuries. Among the rest, this venerable diplomatic chest, which had contained the laborious negotiations, and important treaties of so many ambassadors, and such various countries, was also destined to the flames; but that my mother, and all the female part of the family, strongly interceded for it; struck,

* "My respectable friend, Samuel Pipe Wolferstan, Esq. of Stadfold, near Tamworth, informed me, that making a visit one morning at Tixhall, I suppose between thirty and forty years ago, my mother showed him some of these papers, and spoke of them as very curious manuscripts."

perhaps, with the exterior beauty of its gilded leather, and hobnails; and still more, because my mother declared, that she had heard her father, Lord Aston, say, that that very box had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler; and that therefore it would be a kind of sacrilege to destroy a venerable relic of such an illustrious ancestor. The ladies prevailed, and the box was saved.*

"On enquiring for it, I was soon informed by the old housekeeper, who has been in the family nearly fifty years, that it was deposited in the lumber-room; but that, only a short time since, as she happened to be passing by it, she lifted up the lid, and perceived that the bottom of it was strewed over with dirt and dust, and with little bits of paper, which appeared to have been nibbled into pieces by the mice; and she added, that she was pretty sure I

* "Here let me pause a moment, to pay the tribute of affectionate sorrow, to the memory of my dear departed sister, whose untimely death has taken place since I began this work. Often has she listened to my account of its progress, and often has she looked forward to the pleasure of reading it when finished. But, alas! she has sunk prematurely into the grave! Nor will she be gratified by its perusal, nor I by the approbation which her affection and fondness would have bestowed upon it."

should find nothing in it worth looking after. This information was sufficiently discouraging. I, however, desired the box to be brought to my apartment, and on opening it, I perceived, that most probably, it was originally constructed for the express purpose of preserving papers; for the entire cavity of the inside was filled up with two rows of deep drawers, three in each row, which could only be opened by drawing them perpendicularly upwards. One of the drawers had been taken out, and never replaced; and, as the lid did not shut close, the mice had got into the place of that drawer, and had nibbled away some papers, which had probably been left there, and also the margins, and part of the writing, of some of the manuscripts, which protruded a little from the other drawers. The inside of the box was so contrived, that, if all the drawers had been in, this could never have happened After having given a few moments to grief and lamentation, for the loss of the manuscripts, which I thus saw irretrievably destroyed, I began, with no little agitation, to pull out the other drawers, and was delighted to find that none of them were entirely empty.

At last I came to one quite full, which, with the others, contained an additional parcel of Sir Ralph Sadler's papers, and all the 'State Papers and Letters of Sir Walter Aston,' carefully tied up in small bundles; and, in short, in the same state exactly in which, some years before, I had received the manuscripts of Sir Ralph Sadler. My satisfaction was now complete, and I hardly thought of searching or inquiring any farther. However, having communicated my discoveries to the old housekeeper, she informed me, that, if I considered the papers I had found to be of any value, and was fond of such things, she had a large trunk and some boxes quite full of old papers. The reader will readily believe, that I lost no time in desiring them to be brought to me; and, in fact, in about an hour afterwards, I beheld two men arrive, bending under the weight of an immense travelling trunk, and a third behind, with two small wooden boxes. These I examined first, and found them to contain chiefly some books of travelling and household expences of my grandmother, Lady Clifford, while she was

in France, and at Paris, about the year 1740. Along with these were some French almanacks, passports, playbills, army-lists, and other papers and letters, both printed and manuscript, some of which, though interesting enough as family papers, were possessed of no further value. These, therefore, I soon dispatched; but when I came to open the great trunk,

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight! †

I there beheld, what might have thrown a real genuine antiquary into extasies and raptures. For my own part, I confess, I was at first appalled and daunted. It was a bumper, brimful and overflowing; while the enormous mass appeared to consist of papers of every sort and size, the surface of which was most respectably

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* "My father being a posthumous child, was always, during his youth, under the immediate care of his mother, and lived with her at Paris while finishing his education. About the year 1750, he was an officer in the French service, in the regiment called "Les Mousquetaires du Roi."

† Gray.

defended by a deep and venerable layer of literary dust. Summoning up resolution,

> ——I bent
> Each corporal agent to this terrible feat; *

and drawing a chair to the side of the trunk, I sat down, with a full determination of thoroughly exploring its contents; and resolved, not to let a single scrap of paper pass without examination, and without satisfying myself as to the nature of the manuscript it contained. The papers which I first met with were generally bills and receipts, bonds, leases, and parchment deeds; then, perhaps, a single letter; then the back of a letter, or other morsel of paper, with verses scrawled on it; mixed with these, single printed sheets, proclamations, pamphlets, and small volumes; till at last I came to whole packets of letters, and entire volumes of manuscript poetry; but the whole tumbled and thrown together, and mixed with so much dirt and dust, as if the trunk had been destined to be the repository of all the rubbish, sweepings, and clearings of the

* Macbeth.

library, the study, the steward's room, and every cabinet and writing-desk in the house.

"Thus pursuing my way 'through strait, rough, dense, or rare,' * whenever I met with a bill, a bond, or the like, I threw it on one side, the printed papers and books on another, while I carefully collected the manuscript poems and letters, and every thing which appeared to be of a literary nature, or to have any relation to the Aston family, into a heap by themselves. When I had got completely through the contents of the trunk, I returned into it all that I considered as useless, at least for my purpose. I carried the books and printed papers to the library, and put by the rest for further examination. The reader will judge of the vastness of papers I had to wade through, and of the extent of my labour and perseverance, when I inform him, that I was almost continually occupied for about ten days, from breakfast to dinner, and frequently an hour or more before breakfast, and another in the evening, before I beheld the bottom of the trunk. Such is the

* Milton.

history of my search after manuscripts at Tixhall, and such was the success with which that search was attended." *

The manuscripts thus fortunately obtained, consisted of *Sir Walter Aston's state papers*, of a *collection of letters* connected with the private history of the Aston family, and of a large *mass of poetry*. It is scarcely necessary to add, that a selection from this latter division constitutes, under the title of "Tixhall Poetry," the volume now before me.

Mr. Clifford, the very judicious editor of these poems, has, for reasons which he has assigne in his preface, but which it is not necessary here to repeat, divided his materials into four classes; the *first*, including "Poems *collected* by the Honourable Herbert Aston, 1653;" the *second*, "Poems *by* the Honourable Mrs. Henry Thimelby;" the *third*, "Poems collected by the Right Honourable Lady Aston;" and the *fourth*, "Miscellaneous Poems."

Of these divisions, the *first*, the *second*, and a great part of the *fourth*, consist of *original*

* Preface to Tixhall Poetry, pp. iv. v. vi. vii. viii. ix.

poetry, written either by individuals of the Aston family, or by their intimate connexions. The *third*, with the exception of perhaps half a dozen pieces, is altogether formed from productions which had previously appeared in print; but as these are taken from volumes published during the close of the seventeenth century, as they are, setting aside a few selected from the dramas of Fletcher, Lee, and Dryden, anonymous effusions, or merely designated as being written "by a Person of Quality," there is every probability, as Mr. Clifford has remarked, that the Tixhall family and their friends, being both writers of verse and persons of quality, may have been the authors of some of the poems thus distinguished.

Taken as a whole, and in a literary point of view, the "Tixhall Poetry" may be justly considered as forming one of the most pleasing miscellanies of its age. Its authors and collectors were not, it is true, poets or literati by profession, but they possessed a liberal education; and their familiarity with the highest ranks of society, of which indeed they formed an integral part, has often given, both to their sentiment

and diction, an ease, a spirit, and elegancy of colouring, which, under other circumstances, they had probably wanted.

They appear also to have cultivated with assiduity the friendship of contemporary genius and talent; for we are told, that, besides Drayton, who may be said to have been domesticated at Tixhall, they were intimate with Crashaw, Fanshaw, and Caryl; and that there is reason to think they were well known to Sandys, Waller, Davenant, and Cowley. How effectively, in a poetical light, and as original writers, they have availed themselves of their intimacy with these masters of their art, the pages of the Tixhall poetry will, we may venture to assert, exhibit no unsatisfactory proof.

For, whilst of the moral and domestic interest resulting from the perusal of these poems, especially from that portion of them included in the second division, I have already spoken in terms of high approbation, it remains to add, that in the province which most decidedly unfolds the character of the genuine poet, that of fancy and imagination, some speci-

mens of extraordinary merit may be likewise culled.

Two of these, and which, as being unappropriated, we may be allowed to conceive as issuing from some part of the Aston family, or their connections, I cannot resist the temptation of bringing forward, so completely do they meet the encomium of the preceding paragraph.

The first is entitled "A Dirge;" and it is not exaggerated praise to say, that it partakes of much of the wildness and touching sweetness of fancy, which so remarkably endear to us the lyrical fragments of Shakspeare. In this light has it been viewed by Mr. Clifford, who adds, that it "appears to be the love-song of some Ophelia, or distracted maiden, whose lover was drowned."

Ile goe to my love, where he lies in the deepe,
And in my imbraces my deerest shall sleepe:
When we wake, the kind dolphins together shall throng,
And in chariots of shels shall draw us along.

The orient pearle, which the ocean bestowes,
With corall wele mix, and a crown soe compose;
The sea nimphs shall sigh, and envy our blisse,
We will teach them to laugh, and their cockles to kisse.

For my love sleeps now in a watry grave,
He hath nothing to shew for his tombe but a wave:
Ile kisse his cold lips, not the corrall more red,
That growes where he lies in his watry bed.

Ah! ah! my love's dead, there was not a bell;
But a triton's shell,
To ring, to ring out his knell.

The second, together with much play of imagination, and sprightly flow of versification, displays no small portion of humour, especially towards the close, where the origin of gout and tooth-ach is assigned to causes which have never probably been even dreamt of by any pathologist, however learned or profound. As the "Dirge" was taken from the *third* division, this has been selected from the *fourth*, where it is preceded and followed by several pieces of not inferior merit.

The Fairies Song.

Wee dance on hills above the wind,
And leave our footsteps there behind,
Which shall to after ages last,
When all our dancing dayes are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore
To whisteling winds and seas that roare;
Then wee make the wind to blow,
And sett the seas a dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
And lightning makes us day by night,
And in the ayre we dance on high
To the loud musick of the sky.

About the moone we make a ring,
And falling stars we wanton fling
Like squibs and rocketts, for a toy,
While what frights others is our joy.

But when wee would hunt away our cares,
We boldly mount the galloping spheares;
And riding so from east to west,
Wee chace each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy growen, wee make our bed ,
With thick black clouds to rest our heads,
And flood the earth with our darke showers
That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus having done with orbs and sky,
Those mighty spaces vast and high,
Then downe we come, and take the shapes,
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next turn'd to mites in cheese, forsooth,
Wee get into some hollow tooth,
Wherein, as in a Christmas hall,
Wee frisk and dance the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features
Into yett far smaller creatures,
And dance in joynts of gowty toes,
To painfull tunes of groans and woes.

It may be necessary to add, if a further excitement to the curiosity of the reader be wanting, that the "Tixhall Poetry" contains some hitherto unpublished pieces by Dryden, Waller, Fanshawe, and Sidney Godolphin; the fourth division opening with a "Pindaric Ode," by the first of these bards, of which it may be said,

and no greater praise can be given it, that, both as to style and versification, it is not unworthy of his elevated fame.

Of a place so consecrated in our imagination, as, from what has been related concerning it, the *ancient* mansion of the Astons must necessarily be, not merely from the antiquity of its halls, and the rank of its possessors, but from the moral worth and literary taste of which it was so long the residence, it will be highly gratifying to learn, that a portion still remains; in ruins, indeed, but interesting, as well from the character of the architecture, over which time has spread its veil of beauty, as from the associations connected with its former social happiness and baronial hospitality.

"The first story only of one side of the ancient mansion," relates Mr. Clifford, "but without a roof, is still standing, and was formerly almost hid by the most luxuriant growth of ivy which I ever saw. This of late years has been judiciously thinned, and lopped away, in order to shew the windows, with the form and architecture of the building. The south front terminated in a bow-window richly decorated

on the outside with roses, lozenges, and other Gothic ornaments. This bow-window, together with the east and west windows, and some part of the lofty massy chimney-piece, are still in existence. The internal decoration of the great drawing-room was very singular; the lower part of the walls being wainscotted, while the upper part exhibited the naked stone, tastefully adorned with sculptured pannels, with the heraldic shields of the founders, and the initial letters of their names, all of stone, and rising in bas-relief from the sides of the room. Here, in particular, are the arms of Sir Edward Aston, impaling those of Bolles, with the motto *Laus Deo*; and opposite, are the Aston arms impaling Sadler, which must have been added more than fifty years after the former. The east window is a kind of *oriel*, and the ceiling is elegantly ornamented with various emblematic devices, and the heraldic coats of four of the principal families, to whom the Astons were allied; viz. Montfort, Freville, Byron, and Walsh. In the centre, is a buffalo's head on a wreath, which was the ancient family crest; and in other interstices, are represented barrels, or *tons*,

which, from the circumstance of their being placed in the *east* window, were probably meant as an allusion to the derivation of the family name: Aston, or Eston, from East-town. All these embellishments are beautifully executed.

"The walls of two smaller rooms are likewise still standing; but they have now no roof but the thick branches of the ivy, and no floor but its fallen leaves. The space between the ruins and the modern house, is covered with a soft mossy turf, which, in my childhood, was strewed over with fragments of the ancient building. Nothing can be more delightful, than to contemplate, in the different seasons of the year, or at different times of the day, the mingled effects of light and shade among these dilapidated, ivied walls. But, above all, on a clear moonlight night, when all around is still, and when the recollections, and emotions, which such a scene is calculated to excite, are awakened and exalted by the solemn, congenial serenity of the nocturnal heavens, it is then that fancy and feeling will exert their influence, and take full possession of the mind and heart." *

* Preface, pp. xxxiii. and xxxiv.

That, in an hour truly auspicious for the lovers of good poetry, their full inspiration was poured on the mind and heart of Mr. Clifford, will be evident, I am persuaded, from the beautiful verses which he has subjoined to his description of the dilapidated seat of his ancestors. From this very elegant and interesting poem, which he has intitled "A Midnight Meditation among the Ruins at Tixhall," I have already selected some impressive, and, as I think, very appropriate lines for the motto of my first paper on the present subject; and I shall now present my readers with a few additional passages, which will abundantly prove that TIXHALL, where, of yore, the Muses "found a safe and sweet retreat," still occasionally cherishes amid her sculptured rooms and ivied halls, a descendant of the great and good Sir Walter, worthy of his honoured name, and of the golden age of poetry in which he lived.

How sweetly on that mouldering tower,
How sweetly on that ivy bower,
Whose branches through the ruins creep,
The melancholy moon-beams sleep!

Bright queen of Heaven! thy solemn light
Softly soothes my wakeful sight,
To milder feelings tunes my breast,
And lulls my throbbing heart to rest.

After this introduction, and a few additional lines on the peculiar influence of the scenery which surrounds him, the poet reverts to Tixhall as the beloved spot where he passed his "careless childhood;" a retrospect which introduces us to an exquisitely natural and touching picture of that enchanting period of human life.

What magic spell enchains my feet?
Why seem these midnight scenes so sweet?
Ye visions of my infant years!
Though dimly seen through sorrow's tears,
'Tis your entrancing thought supplies
The long-lost images that rise;
Which fix my lingering steps, and still
A sadly-pleasing joy instil.
'Twas here, alas! a weary round,
Through rugged, rough, and thorny ground,
My way-worn pilgrim feet have trod,
Since last they prest this mossy sod!

'Twas here — a playful, prattling child,
When life, and nature round me smiled,
With loved companions — now no more! —
The frolic group one mother bore —
From morn to eve, in rival toil,
With fragrant flowers we deckt the soil,
Or pigmy castles raised around.
Till all appeared like fairy ground.
And sure, we simply thought the while,
The old majestic Gothic pile,
Compared with our's was babie's play,
The work and labour of a day.
The good old nurse prolonged the cheat,
And dear mamma, with kisses sweet,
And fond impartial smiles, survey'd
The efforts of each tiny spade.
Where hope allured, or fancy led,
Eager in keen pursuit we fled,
And was the promised pleasure crost,
Straight in new joys the grief was lost.
So flew the laughing hours away;
So rose, and set, each blissful day.
Though vanished — as they ne'er had been —
The actors both and flowery scene,
To sad remembrance ever dear,
They claim a sigh, a tender tear.

The author then proceeds to contrast the present ruined state of the ancient mansion of the Astons, with the splendour which it once exhibited in feudal times, with the hospitality which lighted up its bannered hall.

When, as successive ages rolled,
The steel-clad knight, or baron bold,
In arms, and well-fought fields grown gray,
Here calmly closed life's parting day.

It is a sketching peculiarly fertile in those associations, which are alike calculated to interest the heart, and strike the imagination.

Behold those moss-grown ivied walls,
Through which the glimmering moonlight falls,
Where screeching owls, and bats obscene,
And crawling vermin creep between —
These once, with gorgeous hangings drest,
The blazoned shield, and towering crest;
Where conquerors, with laurel crowned,
And patriots from the canvas frowned,
Or beauteous dames alternate smiled,
For whom those heroes fought and toiled.
See — o'er their tops the wild ash grows,
And each rank weed luxuriant blows.

The swallow, undisturbed, hath hung
Her nest on roofs, which erst have rung
With sound of harp, and minstrelsy,
Of pageants, pomp, and revelry,
When at the high-born lady's call,
The feast and dance, in bannered hall,
At winter evening's welcome close,
To ancient warlike music rose.
No more — the mirth-inspiring song
Echoes the lofty hall along;
No more — to sprightly notes of pleasure,
Swims the light dance in graceful measure.

The view which I have now given, though necessarily a miniature one, of the "Tixhall Poetry," and of the labours of its accomplished and judicious editor, cannot fail, I think, of proving highly acceptable to those who have not seen the original work. I met with the volume by accident, in the book-shop of a small provincial town, and I have only to wish, that a portion of the pleasure which I have derived, both in a moral and literary light, from its very interesting contents, may be felt by all who honour these pages with their perusal.

No. VIII.

I doe love these auncient ruynes,
We never tread upon them but we set
Oure foote upon some reverend historie;
And questionless here, in this open aisle,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lye interred
Who lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till dombesday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

WEBSTER.

THE morning rose serene and lovely, nor was it long after the sun had begun to unmask the sequestered beauties of Rivaulx, its winding vale, its mountain stream, its woods, its glens, and picturesque ruins, when Mr. Walsingham and

* This motto has, if I recollect aright, been adopted by Mr. Grose, for his Antiquities of England and Wales; but it struck me as applying so appositely to the subject of the present number, as to form a sufficient excuse for its re-quotation.

Edward made their appearance on the little lawn before their cottage. They were by habit very early risers, and the latter more especially had ever been accustomed, at "this sweet hour of prime," to indulge that love for nature which in his bosom glowed with all the strength and warmth of an appetite. But he had now an additional motive for deserting his couch, as he much wished to have some conversation with his guardian relative to the incidents of the preceding day, before that gentleman commenced his studies, which he was wont to do almost immediately on leaving his bed-room. Nor was Mr. Walsingham, in fact, less inclined to a discussion of the subject, and had, therefore, for this very purpose, and under the expectation of meeting Edward, passed directly through his library on the lawn.

It consequently happened, that the customary salutations had scarcely been exchanged, when Mr. Walsingham remarked with a smile, that the occurrence of the preceding evening must, from its singularity, and the air of romance which was thrown around it, have made a strong, and not unpleasing impression on the mind of

his pupil. "Such, indeed, sir," replied Edward, "has been truly the case; for, independent of the extraordinary and almost poetic circumstance of meeting two such persons, so contrasted, so employed, and in a place so adapted to add effect to their appearance as Rivaulx Abbey, the account which has been given of themselves, is such as not only to excite a deep sense of compassion for their misfortunes, but, at the same time, no small degree of admiration for the purity and correctness of their feelings; for the resigned fortitude of the one, and the affectionate endurance of the other. They strike me, in short, as personages of a very uncommon cast, and more particularly must this be felt, when their late situation in life is taken into view; so noble is the character of the father, so lovely that of the child."

"I am not surprised either at your astonishment or admiration," answered Mr. Walsingham, "for these are characters which seem almost to realize the creations of the poet; they are characters also for which we have no prototype in this part of the island, and which are, indeed, the result of circumstances peculiar

to a mode of education, and state of society, now little known or even dreamt of here. Lluellyn is, in fact, a remote descendant of the royal house of Wales; nursed among the recesses of Mona, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire, he preserved, together with a high sense of the value of his lineage, a spirit of independence which, refusing to submit to the common routine of employment, consigned him to the harp and the poetry of his country; a mode of exerting his talents which, when accompanied, as in this instance, by great genius and powers of execution, was sure of meeting an honourable reward among a people idolizing, as it were, the records and the music of their native land.

"It was at this period that, whilst travelling through the fastnesses of Snowden, I first became acquainted with the character and pursuits of Lluellyn. To the grace of a fine-formed figure, he added the fire of an elevated mind, an imagination rich and plastic, and abounding in legendary lore; and with these was combined such facility of execution on the harp, as to give to the strains, which he often extemporaneously composed to the melody of its chords, the most

striking and impressive effect. You will not therefore wonder, young and ardent as I then was, a lover of our national antiquities, and an empassioned admirer of her fame in song, that talents such as were Llucllyn's should strongly excite my emulation. I became, in fact, one of his most enthusiastic disciples; and had not circumstances occurred which rendered a compliance with the wishes of those who had a claim to direct me, an imperative duty, I should have considered my ambition fully gratified in following his career. Little did I then imagine that the lofty and romantic bard of Aberfraw would ever descend from the mountains of his fathers to direct an English plough! But let me add, my son, as the result of experience and matured reflection, that he acted well and wisely in so doing. Happiness, domestic happiness, as we have learnt, was his lot for many years; and though Providence, no doubt for wise and good purposes, though inscrutable to us, has thought proper, not only to dash the cup of prosperity from his lips, but to steep his grey hairs in all the bitterness of poverty, yet must the life of Llucllyn have been, under any circumstances of

extrinsic allotment, a noble lesson to his fellow-men. Yes, Edward, much as I have praised the skill and accomplishments of my friend, when in the pride and flush of youth, yet even then were the virtues of his heart as decided as the energies of his mind; and now, when aged and in misery, when persecuted, poor, and blind, he once more stands before me, there seems around him a kind of sanctity and sublimity of expression, the more touching and effective, perhaps, as he still preserves, both in his conversation and manner, somewhat of that tone of romantic grandeur which so strongly marked his early days, and which not even time and sorrow have been able to subdue. But assuredly a great part of the impression is to be ascribed to what we have lately learnt, and which I believe it impossible once to have known him and not to credit, namely, that piety and resignation, that keen sensibility and correct conduct, have accompanied his pilgrimage through life."

"And may not something, sir", remarked Edward, "at least of the exterior effect to which you allude, be attributed to the beautiful and affecting contrast which subsists between this

interesting old man, and his not less interesting boy? For, much as in themselves I admire the noble, though time-worn features of the Cambrian bard, yet do they exhibit a still more striking and emphatic picture as relieved by the sweet and pathetic expression which for ever dwells on the lovely and delicate countenance of his affectionate Hoel. There is indeed so much of fancy and of feeling discernible in the mind and disposition of this fascinating youth, that he seems to me not only to have imbibed a large portion of the taste and genius which you have ascribed to his father, but to have greatly outstripped the usual acquirements of his years."

"His education has, without doubt," replied Mr. Walsingham, "been a chosen employment with Lluellyn, at least previous to the deprivation of his sight; and if, as there is every reason to suppose, from what has already transpired with regard to him, that he has inherited much of the susceptibility and enthusiasm which so peculiarly characterized the youth of his parent, and which are often, indeed, gifts of a singularly hazardous and dangerous nature, we have also the gratification of think-

ing, from premises equally apparent, that he has also imbibed no small share of his virtues. There is, in short, something so amiable and engaging in his manner, such a winning simplicity and unaffected kindness in all he says and does, that he cannot but be a favourite with us both. But I perceive that our guests, who appear to be nearly as early risers as ourselves, are approaching."

As he said this, a little wicket opening on one side of the lawn, admitted Lluellyn and his son. The old man came forward leaning on the shoulder of the youth; but having recovered from the fatigue of the preceding day, his step was firmer, and his whole carriage more cheerful and assured, while the sparkling eye, and now somewhat tinted cheek of Hoel, seemed to whisper of returning hope and happier days."

"I am rejoiced, my friend," exclaimed Mr. Walsingham, as he took the good old man by the hand, "to find that you can still dispense with the privileges of age, and that neither years, nor infirmities, have as yet condemned you to a mid-day couch."

"It is an exemption, Mr. Walsingham," he replied, "to which I am perhaps entitled by a life of strict temperance; and though, alas! to these wan orbs the sun has set to rise no more, I yet can taste the freshness of the morning air, and feel the warmth of his returning light, with a sense of invigoration that never fails to awaken in my breast a throb of gratitude and joy. And more especially on this blessed morning do I feel an unwonted alacrity and buoyancy of spirit, attributable, no doubt, to the generous hospitality which I have experienced under your roof, and above all, to the delightful consciousness now glowing at my heart, that the friendship of our early years, of that period when the affections are unalloyed by self-interest or distrust, has not been impaired by time."

"It is, indeed, Llwellyn, after all the vicissitudes to which we have been mutually exposed, a renovation, as it were, of our existence; and since circumstances of a singular kind, on my part at least, have hitherto prevented our recognition, though placed, it appears, within a

short distance of each other, I trust that we shall not now, when thus unexpectedly brought together, be in any hurry to separate, nor prematurely dismiss an opportunity which in all human probability can never again occur."

"There can be little apprehension, my very kind and benevolent host," cried the bard of Aberfraw, "that I should in this respect act counter to your inclinations; for much as in my present situation I may naturally wish to reach the end of my journey, and to rest beside the bones of my fathers, I were an alien to every generous and just emotion, could I for an instant cease to acknowledge the infinite goodness of heaven, in rendering you, the most beloved of all my earliest friends, its instrument of mercy and protection. No, my dear sir," added the tender-hearted minstrel, almost overcome with the pressure of his own sensations, "never did I experience a happier or more gratifying moment, than when I again clasped to my bosom, him whom I had long thought the tenant of the grave, my ever-honoured and still noble Walsingham; nor would I subject myself to the imputation of an ill-placed pride,

by refusing to accept for a period what worth and affection are anxious to bestow. But age, and infirmity, and poverty, my kind host, are nevertheless evils from which most men are apt to shrink, and which are, indeed, best lodged at home, that bourne to which my trembling steps are now directed, and whither, if perchance among my native fields there yet remain that social spot for me, I would fain retire to die."

"I do not doubt," rejoined Mr. Walsingham, "but that you have still a home in the bosoms of your kindred, and that the accommodations necessary to age and misfortune will be readily assigned you whenever you shall reach your native land; but let me entreat you to believe, my dear Llnellyn, that you have no relative who can feel more interested in your welfare than I do; and consider, moreover, that but a very few days have passed since you were suddenly and cruelly expelled from your late property in Rosedale, that your friends are unapprized of the fate which has befallen you, and that the journey you have undertaken is long, and; in your circumstances, hazardous and painful in the extreme. Here then allow me to

request, and with a cordiality which cannot be mistaken, that you will look upon this cottage for the present as your home; and, as a further inducement to so doing, let me add, that it is possible some benefit may be derived from an enquiry into the conduct of your oppressors; and with regard to this youth, who has, I do assure you, already won my heart, I shall be most happy in affording him whatever instruction may lie within my power; nor will Edward, I am persuaded, be less inclined than myself to assist in rendering our retirement a scene to which he shall in after days look back with partiality and pleasure."

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of Hoel as, in confirmation of what had just been uttered, Edward took his hand, and with a warmth which spoke the sincerity of the avowal, expressed to him the delight which he felt in the prospect of such a companion; a declaration however, which had been scarcely made, when Llucllyn, with a sigh which seemed to excite some astonishment in his auditors, requested a few minutes private conversation with Mr. Walsingham. They accordingly retired apart for a short space of

time, and on rejoining their young friends, Edward thought he perceived a more than common expression of solemnity on the countenance of his guardian. The effect, however, was transient, for he soon resumed the conversation with his usual cheerfulness and urbanity of manner; and observing Hoel with his eyes fixed in admiration on the lovely scene before him, he asked him with a smile, if he had ever before the preceding evening been within the confines of a ruined abbey. "Once, and once only," answered the ingenuous youth, "when with my father, and my dear lamented mother, I visited that very spot; it was in happier days, Mr. Walsingham," he added, the tears starting as he spoke, "and the impression which now I feel in beholding these beautiful relics, accords well with the circumstances of that and the present period, and with the character indeed of the ruin itself — it is one of mingled sorrow and evanescent hope, of gratitude and awe!"

The reply affected, and somewhat surprised Mr. Walsingham; and as he almost involuntarily glanced his eyes towards the monastery, he could not but acknowledge to himself, how very

appropriate was the allusion; for the sun, which had now surmounted the steep woody bank on the eastern flank of the valley, had begun to pour his rays through the upper part of that side of the building, and, whilst they just reached the elegant lancet-shaped windows of the western transept, illumining their delicate mouldings as they passed, and obliquely gleaming on the loftiest foliage of a rich mass of ivy which clothed its south-western angle, the rest of the ruin was wrapped in deep and tenfold shade, an emblem of that human desolation, over which, however irretrievable as to this world, occasionally bursts a ray of light and hope, cheering as it passes for a while the sinking, and, perhaps grateful, sufferer, though it serve but in the eye of him who is contemplating the approaching wreck, to give added depth and prominency to the surrounding gloom.

The idea, however, though poetically just and striking, was too mournful to be dwelt upon, nor could he consider it emanating from a heart so new to the world, without a sense of pain and pity. "My amiable young friend," he exclaimed, "we must teach you not to think so deeply;

misfortune, it is true, has early found you out, but I trust, there is in store for you much both of comfort and of happiness; and see, the very object from which you had drawn reflections of so sombre a cast, is now brightening in all the splendour of the morning sun; the shades are vanishing before its influence, the elegant outlines of a style of architecture beyond all competition light and picturesque, are becoming every moment more distinct, and beauty smiles even from the touch of time."

There was, indeed, something highly exhilarating in the scene: all nature seemed rejoicing in the advancing warmth and brilliancy of the sun; the birds were carolling from every bush; numerous cattle were grazing in the Abbey close; the Rye ran sparkling and exulting in its course; and from the scattered cottages of Rivaulx the smoke begun to curl in many a cheerful wreath. "Does not this glorious prospect," cried Mr. Walsingham, "furnish us with a manifestation of the goodness and beneficence of Providence, sufficient to drive away all sadness but despair?" "It is indeed of surpassing beauty, Sir," said Hool, "and I feel

its influence at my heart." "It is enough, my lovely youth," rejoined the worthy man; "we shall soon call back, I trust, the smiles which were doubtless once familiar to that cheek. But, come, our morning meal awaits us."

Saying this, he offered his arm to Lluellyn, whilst Edward and Hoel followed in earnest conversation. Adversity seemed to have formed a bond of union between these youthful minds, which, in other and happier circumstances, might have required months, or even years, to have effected. But independent, indeed, of this coincidence in misfortune, there was a congeniality in their tastes and dispositions, which had not escaped the penetrating observation of Mr. Walsingham, and to which, as naturally leading to a too sensitive indulgence in sympathy and sorrow, he looked forward, on the part of Edward at least, with some degree of apprehension; for he had long endeavoured, and with little success, as we have already seen, to correct this tendency in the mind of his pupil. But there was an anxiety observable in his manner, when these young people caught his attention, which this circumstance alone did

not seem adequate to produce; for, setting its influence aside, there was a relief from solitude and monotony in the association, which might possibly have operated the very change which he wished to see effected. He endeavoured, however, to conceal every appearance of uneasiness from his guests, and, on Edward's proposing after breakfast a walk to the abbey, he readily and cheerfully acquiesced in the scheme.

Gothic architecture, in fact, and the reminiscencies connected with it, had formed a favourite study with Mr. Walsingham both abroad and at home. Much of this taste had been imbibed by his pupil; and the fine specimens which, both in a baronial and ecclesiastical style, they possessed almost on their very threshold, in the striking remains of Helmsley Castle and Rivaulx Abbey, had not only maintained but increased their partiality for this class of antiquities. Nor were Lluellyn and his son, though the former was now blind, and the latter very young, at all wanting in sensibility towards the attractions of these noble reliques. The aged bard still remembered, with the vividity incident to early impressions,

and with the retention of a once fervid fancy, the numerous castellated and conventual ruins which adorned his native principality; he had also some years ago, as we have already hinted, and under circumstances of peculiar interest, visited the ruins of Rivaulx; and though, since his residence in England, he had possessed little time or opportunity for investigations connected with their history, he felt the love of a poetical mind for the pursuit, and was therefore anxious to hear the opinions of Mr. Walsingham on the subject. As for Hoel, tender and pensive from a child, and rendered more than usually susceptible by the melancholy occurrences which had so lately destroyed the happiness of his parents, he had learnt to take a strange delight in whatever bore the vestige of mutability and decay, and particularly so, if these were, as in the present instance, associated with ideas of sublimity and beauty. It was to him, indeed, a luxury of the highest value, if, when released for a short time from the duties which he so affectionately and almost incessantly paid to his afflicted father, and which partly consisted in endeavouring to hide from his penetration the

misery which was preying on his own heart, he could find, in the mournful forms of nature or of art, something that appeared to sympathize with his forebodings of utter destitution, and over which he could pour out the fulness of his sorrow.

There were few persons, therefore, better qualified to enter into all the feelings and reflections, which objects of mouldering magnificence and beauty are fitted to suggest to the sensitive and well-informed mind, than were those now constituting the party which approached the picturesque ruins of Rivaulx Abbey.

Nor, as appropriate objects for enlivening the scene, could personages better calculated, in the eye of an artist, be readily found; for, as they were now grouped on the fallen fragments of the nave, no human forms, perhaps, could have been more skilfully chosen for the purpose of giving additional interest to the foreground of a picture. Tall and majestic in his person, though somewhat bent with age, and resting on his harp, the constant companion of his steps, and which, on this occasion indeed, he had been re-

quested to take with him, stood, wrapped in his mantle of dark blue, the noble form of Lluellyn, not more distinguished for his commanding size, and energy of manner, than for the locks of snow which shaded his care-worn and expressive countenance. Beside him, and pointing the attention of his younger guest to a part of the ruins which they had just passed, was seen the less striking, but scarcely less interesting figure of Walsingham; age had not yet diminished the firmness and elasticity of his frame, and his pale and penetrating, and benign features, so distinctly marking the usual current of his thoughts, received as it were a farther impress of sanctity and solemnity from the character of his professional garb; whilst in the delicate form of Hoel, light and elegant in its symmetry, and whose vest of green, and flowing hair, so well accorded with the sylph-like sweetness of his face, he appeared to be conversing with an inhabitant of another world. And such indeed seemed to be the impression on the mind of Edward, who stood absorbed in reverie, and gazing with delight on what, for the moment, he thought more resembled some ideal group in

the Fairy Queene of his beloved Spenser, than aught earthly or embodied.

They had reached the monastery by the most picturesque point of access, taking the circuitous route which Edward had pursued the preceding night, and had just passed the north western entrance into the close, when Mr. Walsingham, suddenly turning round, directed, as we have seen, the attention of Hoel to a part of the building which had indeed, during an earnest conversation with Llucllyn, escaped his own recollection. "Near yonder almost buried arches," he exclaimed, "are the slight remains of what was once the eleemosynary of this magnificent foundation, and where, as tradition reports, not only alms and provisions were liberally distributed, but where the poor benighted traveller, who had just descended, perhaps, the dreary hills of Blackmore, was sure to meet a lodging and a cheerful fire. Charity and hospitality," he continued, now addressing Llucllyn, "were the great and leading features of these establishments; and though luxury and licentiousness occasionally crept in to mar the pious wishes of the founder, yet nothing upon an equal

scale of generosity and utility has since supplied their place. Before this beauteous pile rose as it were by magic from the adjacent quarries, what an almost impervious solitude must have been the narrow valley of the Rye, where nought save the roaring of its mountain stream, and the murmur of its hanging woods, might or could be heard! And in how short a space of time did the energy and enthusiasm of these calumniated monks convert it into a paradise, where plenty smiled, and where benevolence and devotion walked hand in hand! Had your misfortunes, my worthy friend, been laid in the twelfth or thirteenth century, instead of sitting desolate and forlorn, as was your fate yester evening, amid yonder ruined choir, and beneath the open canopy of heaven, with what cordiality would you and your harp, and your son, have been welcomed at the Abbot's Lodge; and how would the spacious refectory have rung with the music of the triple chords!"

"And have I then, my kind host," cried Llwellyn, "any reason to regret the hospitality of this remote age? Ah, no! what roof, either of past or present time, could have furnished

me with gratifications half so interesting as those which I experienced last night within the shelter of your happy cottage? Not even the founder of this structure, when in all the splendour of baronial affluence, could have conferred upon me an obligation at all commensurate with that which I received from the compassion of this noble youth, when he conducted me to the threshold of my long-lost and most valued friend."

"You are then acquainted, I perceive, Llucllyn, with the history of this place," returned the worthy Divine, with a pressure of his hand, which betokened the kindly emotions of his mind. "I merely know," replied the minstrel, "that Walter L'Espèc, one of the great Norman barons in the reign of Henry the First, and who led the English at the memorable battle of the Standard in this neighbourhood, caused this and two other monasteries to be erected in consequence of the sudden death of his son by an accident at Frithby."

"It is true, my friend, that to parental affection we owe the erection of this once richly endowed edifice; and standing, as we now do,

upon the ruins of what piety and affliction had consecrated, it is but a tribute due to the illustrious dead, whose relics rest in yonder choir, to state, that he was as distinguished for his virtues as a man, as for his talents as a soldier and a patriot. To Ailred, the third abbot of Rivaulx, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who wrote indeed his account of the Battle of the Standard from the oral communication of the baron himself, we are indebted for his portrait, so admirably drawn, that he seems again to start into existence. 'When present at this battle,' says the abbot, 'he was an old man and full of days, but in possession of an active mind; in council prudent, in peace modest and retired, in war full of resources; alike remarkable for attachment towards his friends, and for loyalty to his sovereign. In his person he was tall and athletic, but, though exceeding the common stature of man, well and gracefully formed. His hair was black, his beard long, his forehead broad and open, his eyes full and piercing, his features large and somewhat expanded, and in his eloquence, which was prompt and flowing, he was powerfully assisted by a

voice remarkable for its majesty, mellowness, and depth. He was moreover noble by birth, but in Christian piety still nobler'. *

"Such was the man whose munificence gave origin to Rivaulx Abbey, the first house of the Cistercian order that was erected in this county; and who, after surviving its foundation more than twenty years, the two last of which he spent as a monk within its walls, here found a tomb, on the seventh of the ides of March 1153."

"Do you suppose, Sir," said Edward, "that we are to ascribe this exquisite specimen of the early pointed style, and which has perhaps never been surpassed, to the architectural taste of Sir Walter?" "I should rather think not," replied.

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* The original of this passage is as follows: "Adfuit et Walterus Espec; vir senex et plenus dierum, acri ingenio: in consiliis prudens, in pace modestus, in bello providus, amicitiam sociis, fidem semper regibus servans. Erat ei statura ingens, membra omnia tantæ magnitudinis, ut modum excederent, et tantæ proceritati congruerent, capilli nigri, barba prolixa, frons patens et libera, oculi grandes ac perspicaces, facies amplissima, tracheia tamen, voci tubæ similis, facundiam, quæ ei facilis erat, quadam soni majestate componens. Erat præterea nobilis carne, sed Christiana pietate nobilior." *Libellus de Bello Standardico.*

Mr. Walsingham; "the patrons of those foundations were usually content with the adequate assignment of lands for their endowment, and left the construction of the fabric to the judgment and skill of those who were destined to inhabit it. Nor in fact could they have devolved the task on persons better calculated to do it justice; for the monastic orders, at this period, contained the best architects in Europe*, and the disciples of St. Bernard†, who first con-

* "In *Monasteries*," remarks Dalrymple, "the lamp of knowledge continued to burn, however dimly. In them men of business were formed for the state: the art of writing was cultivated by the monks; they were the only proficients in mechanics, gardening, and *architecture*."—Annals of Scotland.

† Of St. Bernard, the celebrated founder of the Cistercian Order, and who was born in the year 1091, the president Henault has observed, that it was the peculiar felicity of this extraordinary man to sway the human mind: one moment he concealed himself in the recesses of his solitude, the next he shone in all the magnificence of a court: never out of his place, yet without a title or public character; and deriving, from his personal merit, a degree of estimation superior to all authority. Though he was only a poor monk of Clairvaux, he enjoyed more power than the abbot Suger, the first minister of France; and he preserved over his disciple, Pope Eugenius the Third, an influence that did honour to them both.—Vide Henault Abrégé Chronol. de Hist. de France, An. 1145.

Of the powerful and enthusiastic eloquence of this popular monk, it is a sufficient picture to add, that through the influence of his exhortations originated the second crusade.

verted this sequestered valley into inclosures for grain and pasturage, were among the most celebrated for their knowledge of this art. Under the superintendence then of the first Abbot of Rivaulx, who reached an almost patriarchal age, was this noble work commenced, and probably, in a great measure, completed under the presidency of his immediate successor. It appears, however, that during the progress of the undertaking, which cannot be supposed to have occupied less than half a century, the Anglo-Norman style, which seems to have been that of the nave, had gradually deviated into one of a much more light and elegant form. For, if you observe, Edward," pointing to the exterior of the transept, "here are evident traces of the height to which the nave was carried; it had evidently just surmounted the second tier of windows; and these, you perceive, with the exception of the second tier on the eastern side of the transept, which appear to have been subsequently altered, were not only round-headed, but constructed, together with the nave, of a species of stone very different in its colour and texture from that which was used for the

upper part of the transept and the choir. Thus, whilst there can be little doubt that this part of the structure, on whose fragments we are now standing, was built in the Norman style, the rest of the church, together with that beautiful refectory on our right hand, present us with a remarkable anticipation of the early pointed architecture which was afterwards so prevalent in the reign of Henry the Third. But let us pass into the choir, observing, as we proceed, the transept with its aisle, and the commencement of the tower, forming, as you see, my young friend," addressing himself to Hoel, whose attention seemed strongly excited, "a majestic cross nearly in the centre of the edifice. And I trust, Llewellyn," turning to the good old man, "that though this, like every other exterior object, is now unhappily to you a blank, yet that your former visit to this Ruin, may have imprinted it so distinctly on your memory, as to render my remarks not unintelligible."

"It is a picture, Mr. Walsingham, which can never, but with the extinction of its faculties, be effaced from my mind; for it was here

that with my lamented Adeline, and my dear children, I passed one of those days of happiness which in this world are too often, like angel visits, few and far between. Little did I then think that the companion of my youth, he who had struck the harp with Lluellyn on the mountains of Caernarvon, and on the Druid plains of Mona, was even within the reach of my voice. Oh, had we then met, how much, perhaps, of sorrow and of suffering had been spared me!"

"Let us not think so, my dear Lluellyn," returned Mr. Walsingham, "for it is alike distressing and unavailing. I cannot, however, in resuming our former subject, avoid remarking that the name of Adeline uttered within these walls, has almost involuntarily reminded me of a circumstance closely connected with their history. For it was to the third and youngest sister of Walter L'Espec, whose name also was Adeline, that the advowson of Rivaulx was bequeathed; she married Peter Le Roos, and in this line has the Honour of Helmsley, indissolubly connected with the patronage of this

monastery, regularly descended to its present possessor, Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham."

As he pronounced the title of this nobleman, a deep sigh escaped his bosom, and he became suddenly lost in abstraction, from which he was, in a few minutes, however, aroused by the voice of Hoel exclaiming, in a tone of admiration, "How beautiful are these reeded pillars; with what grace and lightness, yet, at the same time, with what strength and durability have they performed the task assigned them!" "Yes," said Mr. Walsingham, starting from his reverie, "here you may discern one of the earliest transitions from the ponderous and massy style of the Anglo-Norman; for, independent of the lightness you have remarked, the arched work of these transept pillars is adorned with a species of moulding, of which, probably, this is the first specimen which made its appearance in the twelfth century. There is also a combination of richness and delicacy truly admirable both in the construction of the tower and the choir, forming likewise very striking deviations from the costume of preceding ages. In the

former, these peculiarities consist of columnar decorations, terminating gracefully in what has been denominated the corbel style; while in the latter, they are prominent in the narrow lancet-shaped windows laced with hatched ornaments, and in the quatre-foil adornments which distinguish its eastern side. In short, elegance and magnificence may be termed the characteristics of this beautiful fabric, which cannot but suggest a very high idea, not only of the piety and enthusiastic zeal, but of the taste, activity, and skill of its constructors."

"I have always remembered it as a somewhat singular circumstance," remarked Llewellyn, "that this monastery, on which you have just passed an eulogium so discriminated, should, contrary to the usual custom, exhibit its nave and choir taking their direction from north to south, instead from west to east."

"It is, indeed, a deviation of a very uncommon kind," replied Mr. Walsingham, "but probably you do not recollect, my friend, that the disposition of the ground and the scite of the village are such as almost necessarily to have imposed this anomaly on its architects. It is not,

however, the only peculiarity for which this building is remarkable; for there are few, if any examples, where the church, as in this instance, is carried to the height of three stories — an elevation which has, moreover, contributed much to its lightness and beauty. There is every reason also to conclude, that Rivaulx Abbey was enriched by numerous specimens of painted glass — a very rare and costly embellishment in the twelfth century; for, in a compact which I have seen, relative to the removal of the Augustines of Kirkham, the elder foundation of Walter L'Espec, express mention is made of this splendid material, as one of the articles belonging to their house, on which they placed a high value, and which they had, therefore, taken care should travel with them; a specification which necessarily leads to the supposition, that Rivaulx, founded nine years afterwards by the same baron, was in possession, in this respect, of similar wealth." *

* "Omnia mobilia nostra," says this compact, "nobiscum discedentes, a Kirkham auferemus, id est cruces et calices, libros et vestes, et omnia quæ ad ornatum ecclesiæ pertinent, necnon et *fenestras vitrea coloratas* nobis retinemus." — Vide Whittaker's Rivaulx Abbey, p. 10.

"I can easily conceive," said Hoel, his eyes beaming with delight, "how lovely must have been this choir, when those six tall, and delicately lancet-formed windows at its southern extremity, were glowing with all the tints of the rainbow. How rich, yet how pensive and how hallowed, must then have seemed the light and shade which diffused themselves over these picturesque arches and pillars. Surely the Lords of Helmsley must have formerly derived no trifling consolation from the idea of one day reposing within a structure so worthy, as to elegance and grandeur, of the purposes to which it was dedicated."

"And yet," observed Mr. Walsingham, highly gratified by the interest which this amiable youth appeared to take both in the history and existing aspect of the place, "not more than four of the family of the founder, himself included, rest within its walls. It is more than probable, however, that I am now standing over what remains of Thomas Lord Roos, who died at Uffington, in his way to the Holy Land; for we learn from the record of the monks themselves, that he was interred in the

middle of the choir at Rivaulx. But such was the wanton spoliation committed here at the period of the dissolution, that not a vestige is left of the tombs of those who had fondly promised to themselves an inviolability of protection beneath its sacred roof.

"John, the eldest son of this baron, and who was allied by marriage to the earls of Northumberland, inflamed by a like portion of piety and heroism, perished likewise on his road to Palestine, and his body was, in fact, brought from the Isle of Cyprus, where he had died, to be buried near the high altar of the choir of Rivaulx Abbey.

"Not far from this last champion of the Holy Cross, and probably adjoining the very relics of the founder himself, sleeps Peter Le Roos, the son of Adeline, and whose grandson, surnamed *Fursan*, the offspring of Everard Le Roos and Rosa, a beautiful young woman, but of inferior family, is celebrated in monastic history as the builder, or rather, perhaps, as the re-builder, on a more extended scale, of Helmsley Castle—an event which gives him a more than common title to be commemo-

rated at the present moment, and which, doubtless, during his life-time, added greatly to his customary claim on the prayers and benedictions of the monks of Rivaulx. It appears, indeed, that Fursan not only took care to repair the injuries which time had inflicted on the mansion of his ancestors, but he also shewed an equal solicitude to obliterate the injury which, in the opinion of the world, perhaps, had been done to their blood by the romantic attachment of his father; for he married Isabella, daughter of William the Lion, king of Scotland."

"And yet, Sir," interrupted Hoel, blushing and hesitating while he spoke, "it is very possible that Fursan and his princely bride, notwithstanding the nobility of their descent on both sides, might be much less happy than were Everard and his Rosa."

"It is, indeed, very possible, my dear youth," rejoined the worthy Divine, "for happiness is certainly more dependent on mind and disposition than upon aught exterior; but yet, after all, disparity of rank is not perhaps the best foundation for domestic comfort. But come,

we will now, quitting the choir at its southern extremity, take a direction to the right, and, after visiting what remains of the Abbot's house, we will terminate our tour at the Refectory; for I am apprehensive," he added, addressing Lluellyn, "that incapacitated as you are, my good friend, for the visual enjoyment of these scenes, we shall tire you by our comment on their beauties."

"On the contrary, believe me, when I say, my kind host, that your verbal painting has so powerfully excited my imagination, that I see once more, methinks, the very objects which you describe. And indeed I acknowledge a more than common interest in the character of the place; for is there not a striking similitude between the impression resulting from the contemplation of these ruins, and that which the aspect of old age presents? Yes, there is, I feel, a strong sympathy between us, and I picture to myself that Lluellyn, the harper, blind and grey-headed, and full of years, and standing in the midst of this noble but desolated choir, must add some weight to the moral influence of the scene."

The appeal was felt by all, but, of course, most acutely by the filial heart of Hoel. He hastened to the old man, yet leaning on the arm of Mr. Walsingham, and as he took his hand and bathed it with his tears, the words "My father, my dear father," escaped in mournful accents from his lips. While Edward, powerfully affected by the incident, joined the group, and perceiving, as he thought, marks of great lassitude and fatigue in the countenance and manner of Llucllyn, offered to relieve him from the weight of his harp. "I thank you kindly, my son," replied the bard, "but it is, indeed, the chosen companion of my steps; it was the friend of my youth; and, simple as it may appear, I cherish a regard for it which is only exceeded by that which I bear to my affectionate Hoel. It is, however," he continued, with a smile, "not the incumbrance which you suspect; for, though blanched by the snows of time, Lluellyn, like the ruins which surround him, still retains a portion of his pristine strength, and, perchance, before he returns to your cottage, he may awake these chords with a vigour that shall confirm his words." Then

turning to Mr. Walsingham, he added, "but let us proceed, my friend; I love not that these impressions, salutary as they may be for the moment, should dwell long upon the minds of the young; time will necessarily increase the durability of their influence; and in the mean while I do not wish that the elasticity of opening life should be broken down by a premature anticipation of sorrow."

"I perfectly coincide in your sentiments," was the answer of Mr. Walsingham, as, passing from the choir, they turned round to survey the exterior of its southern termination. Nothing could be more lovely or elegant, or picturesque, than was this aspect; the upper windows more especially, from the delicacy of their mouldings, the beauty of their form, and from the central one rising so much higher than that on either side, had a lightness and finish in their appearance truly admirable, and which, as contrasted with the rich mass of ivy that covered the south-western angle from its summit to its base, produced a picture worthy of the pencil of Poussin.

After pausing for some time to enjoy the

effect of such interesting objects, the attention of the party was directed to a ruined gateway almost adjoining this south-west angle of the church, and which, through the medium of a range of buildings still partially attached to it, seems to have once formed a communication, not only with the apartments of the brethren of the establishment, but with an area situated between their rooms and the choir. Northward from these remains, and in a line parallel with the choir, they next traced in a double row towards the refectory, what the work of demolition had spared of the abbot's lodge, and its various offices.

"It appears to have been the principal aim," remarked Mr. Walsingham, "of those who were commissioned to break up these noble establishments, after appropriating to the king's use the lead, bells, &c. to render the premises, in all future time, untenantable. Hence these parts of monastic arrangement, together with the dormitory and refectory, are generally found in a very dilapidated state. It has, however, fortunately happened, in this instance, that so much of the latter building remains as will suffice to

give a very perfect idea of the elegance of its construction."

As he said this, they reached what had been, in days long passed by, a quadrangular grass-plot, and which, through the medium of the cloisters and dormitory, formerly occupying two of its sides, though now nearly destroyed, had anciently connected the refectory with the western side of the nave. A spacious vestibule, finished in the pointed style, and in strict conformity with the architecture of the church, gave entrance to this once magnificent room; and here, to the surprize of all, save Mr. Walsingham, appeared a small table with refreshments. "I had ordered these things round, my good friends," he exclaimed, "under the idea that the fatigue incident to our plan, and the probable heat of the day, would render them acceptable; and I know of no place better adapted to their reception than this. Here then, in the very seat of ancient hospitality and good cheer, and protected in some measure from the influence of the sun, let me beg of you to be seated;" saying which, he conducted the somewhat astonished Llwellyn to a massy

arm-chair of dark oak, which, with three others of smaller dimensions, had been brought from a neighbouring cottage.

"Never, my dear and venerable master," he added, placing the grey-haired harper in his seat, "never did monk or lordly abbot bring to this splendid room a heart of greater worth or piety than beats within thy aged bosom. But let us now attend our little banquet, spare when compared with those that once were seen within these walls, but which will not, I am persuaded, be less gratefully enjoyed."

It was, indeed, an invitation, as my readers may suppose, not very likely to be refused, either from the manner in which it was given, or from the novelty of the situation in which it was to be accepted; and we, therefore, leave our little group, for the present, thus socially engaged, to resume our narrative in a future number.

(*To be continued.*)

No. IX.

Smit with the love of "bardic lore" we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Thus mix'd our studies, and thus join'd our name.
POPE.

THE progress of American literature cannot but be an object of deep interest and generous exultation to every Briton who knows how to place a due value on the glory resulting to his country from the propagation of her language, and her letters; for it is, as I have elsewhere observed,* a most delightful consideration, and one which should excite amongst our authors an increased spirit of emulation, that the language of England is destined to be that of so large a portion of the new world. What a field, in fact, for the diffusion and durability of our literary fame, does such a prospect hold forth, and how rationally may we credit the representation of Mr. Morgan, who, alluding to the epithet *barbarian*, bestowed on our immortal Shakspeare by the foolish petulance of

* Shakspeare And His Times, Vol. ii. p. 555.

Voltaire, thus eloquently, and, I have no doubt, prophetically, declares, that "when the very name of *Voltaire*, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the *Apalachian* mountains, the banks of the *Ohio*, and the plains of *Sciola*, shall resound with the accents of this *barbarian*: In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated, by time."

Whatever therefore intimates the advancement of North America in letters, taste, and genius, ought to be received by us with peculiar pride and pleasure, as an earnest that at no very distant period a competition for literary glory may exist between the transatlantic writers in our tongue, and those of the parent country; and that in the bosom of remote ages, when, in obedience to those changes which attach to every earthly power, the empire of Great Britain shall have passed away, her language shall be spoken and her literature shall live, with undecaying vigour, in the vast and almost

* Essay on The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff, p. 65.

boundless regions of the great western continent.

I have been led into these reflections in consequence of having very lately received a small packet from New York, containing two volumes, which appear to me to place in a very favourable point of view the progress which poetry has been making in the United States. They were accompanied by a letter, which, as throwing considerable light on the life and character of one of the writers of the included productions, I feel no hesitation in placing before my readers, more especially as it is written in a style of deep feeling, warm indeed from the heart of a parent who had very recently been deprived of an amiable and accomplished son. I have only to premise, that, in copying this letter, one or two passages relative to my own writings, of a nature rather too flattering for me to transcribe, I have deemed myself at liberty to omit.

" Sir,

" By the kindness of a friend who is on the eve of his departure for London, I beg leave to

send a little work, of which I beg your acceptance. It is entitled 'Yamoyden; a Tale of the Wars of King Philip: By the late Reverend James Eastburn, M. A. and his Friend.'

"I am too well acquainted with your writings, not to believe that you will readily sympathize with a father in the loss of a son, endeared by filial piety, sound learning, and more than common talent. It has, Sir, cast a shade over my future life, and left me little more than the desire, that I may follow him as he followed his Redeemer — then, like him, I shall depart in peace.

"I have one motive in sending this book — to make you, in some degree acquainted with one, who, though no longer on earth, yet whilst here, was one of your warmest admirers.

"The preface by the editor will shew you how 'Yamoyden' was written, and what share my dear lamented son had in it. The editor had been his friend in college, and so strong was the attachment formed, as to induce them to make even their literary pursuits but one. Should you deem this unpretending work worthy of notice, it may, perhaps, not be

uninteresting to know something of the respective authors.

" The Reverend James Wallis Eastburn was born in London in the Autumn of 1797. When six years old, he came with his parents to this country. From the age of four he discovered a remarkable talent for observation; his mind, even at that period, being sedate and thoughtful. His progress in learning was rather solid than rapid, yet his proficiency was such as to enable him to enter Columbia College in his sixteenth year. It was at this time that his powers began to develope themselves; and in his compositions he shewed a range of reading, an excursiveness of imagination, and a critical acumen which surprized even his best friends. It was at this early age that some of his best poems were written. He also engaged with his associates in a Periodical Paper twice a week, called " The Neologist," and which continued to 100 numbers. His translations from the Classics, both Greek and Latin, were numerous. In the midst of these occupations he made himself master of the French and Spanish

languages, and had a competent knowledge of the Italian.

"On taking his Bachelor's degree, Mr. Eastburn determined on the study of Divinity; and, though anxious to be made a "workman which needed not to be ashamed," he still found leisure for his delightful study of the ancients, as well as of the best English writers. In October 1818, he was ordained Deacon in the Episcopal Church, by Bishop Hobart, and, at his own earnest desire, immediately entered upon the laborious duties of an extensive parish. The exertion was, however, too great. His attention to his studies was unremitted, and his zeal in promoting the best interests of his parishioners was unbounded; but he sunk under the accumulated labour, and left his church and parents to mourn a loss, which none other could properly appreciate. His MSS. consist of Poems, Essays, and Translations, besides about forty Sermons. It is my intention to make a selection from the poems and essays, so as to form two volumes of the size of "Yamoyden," accompanied with a brief memoir.

" 'His Friend' is a young gentleman of great promise, and, though but twenty years of age, is considered one of the best scholars in the city. He is entering upon the practice of the Law. My hope is, however, that he will be induced to cast this dry study, and follow his natural bent for polite literature. He is, assuredly, one of the most extraordinary young men whom it has been my happiness to know.

" I also send you a little poem entitled " Judgment, a Vision." It is written by a young poet of the name of Hillhouse, son of the late senator in Congress from Connecticut.

" Craving pardon for this intrusion, I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obed^t

" New York, JAMES EASTBURN."
24th of May 1821."

The partiality of friends and connections has but too often led to an estimate of literary merit which the public has subsequently found little reason to sanction; and, I must confess, that pleased as I was both with the manner and the matter of the letter which I have just tran-

scribed, I opened the volume to which it principally referred, with an apprehension that it might not be such as would warrant an attempt to render it better known on this side the Atlantic.

I esteem myself happy, however, in having it in my power to declare, that, as far as I am able to judge, the contents of both volumes are such as will reflect considerable credit on the rising genius of the new world; and more peculiarly am I gratified in the avowal of this opinion, as it may tend, in reference to one of those productions, to sustain, in some degree at least, the honest pride, and consolatory feelings of an affectionate but bereaved parent.

As it must now, therefore, be my wish to bring forward what may adequately substantiate the opinion thus announced, I shall devote the present pages to a critique on the "Yamoyden" of Mr. Eastburn and his Friend, deferring the consideration of Mr. Hillhouse's poem to a subsequent number.

Of the manner in which "Yamoyden" was composed, the Editor, and Coadjutor in the

poem, has furnished us with the following detail, in an advertisement prefixed to the work.

"It was written," he tells us, "in separate portions, by the late Reverend James Wallis Eastburn and himself, during the winter of 1817-18, and the following spring. Mr. Eastburn, in 1816, went to Bristol, Rhode-Island, to pursue the study of divinity, under the direction of the Rt. Rev. A.V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocess. He was constantly in the habit of amusing his hours of relaxation, with poetical composition; and the local traditions connected with the scenery, in his immediate vicinity, suggested to him a fit subject for his favourite employment. He often mentioned, in the course of his correspondence with the Editor, his intention of making some of the adventures of King Philip, the well-known Sachem of Pokanoket, the theme of poetical romance. In the year following, when he visited New-York, the plan of the proposed story was drawn up, in conjunction.—After Mr. Eastburn's return to Bristol, the poem was written, according to the parts severally

assigned; and transmitted, reciprocally, in the course of correspondence. It was commenced in November 1817, and finished before the summer of 1818; except the concluding stanzas of the Sixth Canto, which were added after Mr. Eastburn left Bristol. Mr. Eastburn was then preparing to take orders; and his studies, with that view, engrossed his attention. He was ordained in October 1818. Between that time and the period of his going to Accomack county, in Virginia, whence he had received an invitation to take charge of a congregation, he transcribed the two first Cantos of this Poem, with but few material variations, from the first collating copy. The labours of his ministry left him no time, even for his most delightful amusement. He had made no further progress in the correction of the work, when he returned to this city, in July 1819. His health was then so much impaired, that writing of any kind was too great a labour. He had packed up the manuscripts, intending to finish his second copy in Santa Cruz, whither it was recommended to him to go, as the last resource, to

recruit his exhausted constitution. He died on the fourth day of his passage, Dec. 2d, 1819."

We are further told in this advertisement, which is dated Nov. 20th 1820, that the work was commenced without any preparatory reading; that from this cause, and the hasty mode of its composition, both the fable and the execution were imperfect, and that, when the Editor was induced to undertake the correction of the manuscript, though his labour in so doing had not been trifling, he did not think himself at liberty to make any alterations in the original plot, or to attempt what would destroy his deceased friend's poetical identity. As far, however, as was consistent with these restraints, he had endeavoured to correct what was faulty, both in matter and expression, and had been led, in consequence of consulting several works connected with the subject of the poem, to make some additions to the original matter, which he has particularly specified, in order that, as they were hastily added in the course of transcription, and printed as soon as written, should they prove defective, the discredit might

attach to himself alone. He further remarks, that it would be endless to particularize the property of each author in the rest of the poem, but adds, that "in the main the work is still to be considered as having been written three years ago, when the age of Mr. Eastburn was twenty, and that of the Editor eighteen years."

From the import of these communications, the reader will be prepared to meet in "Yamoyden," with some incongruities of fable, and inequalities of composition; nor, indeed, considering the disadvantages under which the work was commenced and completed, could any other result be expected. But he will also find in this poem, what he may not have indulged the hope of discovering, and which has been indeed, at all times, of rare occurrence, the impress and animating principle of true genius; passages, in fact, of splendor and beauty which might redeem much greater defects than any which he will be called upon to pardon here.

There is, moreover, in the youth, and character, and friendship of the two writers, and

in the premature death of the original suggestor of the work, who perished at the age of twenty-two, something very highly interesting to every feeling mind. Mr. Eastburn must have merited, in every respect, the character which his father has given of him in the letter I have transcribed, or he could not have excited in the bosom of his friend such enthusiastic feelings of tenderness and regret, as are displayed in the volume before me. For in the *Proem* to "Yamoyden," and in the *Conclusion*, the Editor has indulged in some beautiful and most affecting tributes to the memory of his brother bard. From these, as in a high degree honourable to the deceased, and equally so to the genius and talents of the survivor, I shall now, previous to entering on the body of the work, select a few stanzas. The *Proem* thus opens:

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay!
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them, in a happier day:
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;

And he who feebly now prolongs the lay,
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honours crave;
His harp lies buried deep, in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth! with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

I need scarcely point out to any reader of these admirable lines, that characteristic sketching of the shores of the Mediterranean, under the designation of

the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams,

as it is a picture which must force itself upon every classical mind.

Towards the close of the Proem, after a striking description of the aborigines of North America, the Editor reverts to his recent loss,

again expresses his intention of forsaking the thriftless fields of poesy, and gives us, under a simile beautifully imagined, and as beautifully expressed, a most touching representation of the intimacy which subsisted between himself and his late lamented associate.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die;
Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long, —
Though not to me the Muse averse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry, —
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake, such idlesse would deplore, —
And swears to meditate the thankless Muse no more.

But, no! the freshness of that past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He roved, and gathered chaplets wild with thee;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray: —

And downward, far, reflected in the clear,
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;—
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports: Thee, gales benign
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbour sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

In a still more deep and solemn tone does he resume the subject, in the stanzas which he has written as a *Conclusion* to the whole work, connecting the death of his friend with the general lot of humanity, and the transitory tenure of all earthly greatness. "Sad was the theme," he exclaims, alluding to their joint labour of love in the construction of "Yamoyden,"

Sad was the theme, which yet to try we chose,
In pleasant moments of communion sweet;
When least we thought of earth's unvarnished woes,
And least we dreamed, in fancy's fond deceit,

That either the cold grasp of death should meet,
Till after many years, in ripe old age;
Three little summers flew on pinions fleet,
And thou art living but in memory's page,
And earth seems all to me a worthless pilgrimage.

Sad was our theme; but well the wise man sung,
"Better than festal halls, the house of wo;"
'Tis good to stand destructions spoils among,
And muse on that sad bourne to which we go.
The heart grows better when tears freely flow;
And, in the many-coloured dream of earth,
One stolen hour, wherein ourselves we know,
Our weakness and our vanity, — is worth
Years of unmeaning smiles, and lewd, obstreperous mirth.

'Tis good to muse on nations passed away,
For ever, from the land we call our own;
Nations, as proud and mighty in their day,
Who deemed that everlasting was their throne.
An age went by, and they no more were known!
Sublimer sadness will the mind control,
Listening time's deep and melancholy moan;
And meaner griefs will less disturb the soul;
And human pride falls low, at human grandeur's goal.

In this stanza, which he constructs with peculiar grace and beauty, has the Editor not only written the *procm* and *conclusion*, but he has also, in the same metrical form, presented us with an *introduction* to each canto of the poem. From these, as unconnected with the fable of Yamoyden, as being fabricated in a measure of which it does not give us an instance, and as exhibiting at the same time the talents of the writer, as a descriptive bard, in a very superior point of view, while they indisputably prove him worthy of the poetical association under which he appears, I shall, in this place, as best suited to their insertion, select a few specimens.

The following description of Evening, prefixed to the second canto, is finished in a style of great sweetness and amenity, and with several touches which evince a masterly hand, and impart an air of originality to the picture.

Hail! sober Evening! thee the harrassed brain
And aching heart with fond orisons greet:
The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet:

'Tis then the sage, from forth his lone retreat,
The rolling universe around espies;
'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
With lovely shapes, unkenned by grosser eyes,
And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

The silent hour of bliss! when in the west
Her argent cresset lights the star of love: —
The spiritual hour! when creatures blest
Unseen return o'er former haunts to rove;
While sleep his shadowy mantle spreads above,
Sleep, brother of forgetfulness and death,
Round well-known couch, with noiseless tread they rove,
In tones of heavenly music comfort breathe,
And tell what weal or bale shall chance the moon beneath. —

Let others hail the oriflamme of morn,
O'er kindling hills unfurled with gorgeous dies!
O mild, blue Evening! still to thee I turn,
With holier thought, and with undazzled eyes; —
Where wealth and power with glare and splendour rise,
Let fools and slaves disgustful incense burn!
Still Memory's moonlight lustre let me prize;
The great, the good, whose course is o'er, discern,
And, from their glories past, time's mighty lessons learn!

With equal powers of fancy and expression, and with yet greater energy of pencil, has he given us, though in a still more condensed form, a night-scene of very forcible effect. If the prior description may be assimilated in its style of expression to the mild and mellow tinting of Claude, the latter may be considered as a sketch in the school of Salvator Rosa.

'Tis night; the loud wind through the forest wakes,
With sound like ocean's roaring, wild and deep,
And in yon gloomy pines strange music makes,
Like symphonies unearthly, heard in sleep;
The sobbing waters dash their waves and weep;
Where moans the blast its dreary path along,
The bending firs a mournful cadence keep;
And mountain rocks re-echo to the song,
As fitful raves the storm, the hills and woods among.

To this portaiture of nature under one of her most wild and awful forms, I will subjoin what must be deemed not only an exquisite contrast, when viewed in a picturesque light, but as displaying a lovely and affecting delineation of the influence of the female character in mitigating the evils, whether physical or moral,

which accompany our pilgrimage through life. As the night-piece was a prefix to the fifth, this fascinating little sketch ushers in the sixth and last canto.

WOMAN! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene, thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll,
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl!

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To sooth the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O, who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow, —
The death-encircled pillow of distress, —
The lonely moments of secluded wo, —
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friendship bless!

I shall close these very striking proofs of the Editor's poetical powers, and of his complete success in the management of the Spenserian stanza, by another extract from his *Procm*, which, as descriptive of the general character of the North American aborigines, may very appropriately introduce what we have more expressly to say on the subject and execution of "Yamoyden." I will only add, that of the lines I am about to quote, I know not where a more highly finished picture can be found, than what is included in the last two stanzas; whether their versification, their diction, or their imagery be considered, they have, in my opinion, nothing to fear from rivalry or comparison.

"Earth was their Mother;"—or they knew no more,
Or would not that their secret should be told;
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,
The long-transmitted tales, their sires were taught of old.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,

Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,
And, as the fleet deer's, agile was their frame;
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;
These simple truths went down from sire to son, —
To reverence age, — the sluggish hunter's shame,
And craven warrior's infamy, to shun, —
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred done. —

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew
Their needful wants, and learnt not how to hoard;
And him whom strength and wisdom crowned, they knew,
But with no servile reverence, as their lord.
And on their mountain summits they adored
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,
And thence their incense and orisons poured
To his pervading presence, that abroad
They felt through all his works, — their Father, King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrents spray,
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,
Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;
But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,
Or fierce red lightning fired the forest pine,

Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;
These they besought to spare, those blest for aid divine.

Having thus indulged myself in the pleasing task of recording the friendship which subsisted between these amiable and accomplished young men, and in so doing brought forward several passages which very strikingly prove how well qualified the writer of them must have been, not only for the duty of bringing "Yamoyden" before the public, but of bearing a part in its construction, I shall proceed in the immediately succeeding number to give such a view of the poem itself as, while it places the genius and talents of Mr. Eastburn in a deservedly prominent light, shall at the same time do justice to the merits and coadjutorship of his surviving friend.

No. X.

——————————————— Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè ; —
Et — ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

HORACE.

The wants of one the other shall supply,
Each find in each a friend and firm ally ; —
And, in the verse where many a beauty shines,
I well can bear some harsh or feeble lines.

COLMAN.*

" YAMOYDEN, or a Tale of the Wars of King Philip," is a poem founded on the manners, customs, and achievements of the North American Indians, at the period when the settlers from Great Britain, having established their colony in New England, began a war of extermination with the native tribes.

At this unhappy crisis, the most powerful chieftain among the Indian warriors, was *Meta-*

* With some slight alteration.

comet, Sachem of the Wampanoags, or, as he afterwards termed himself, from the ancient seat of his dominion, and from the name which, in early life, and with the consent of his father, he had received from the English colonists, PHILIP SACHEM OF POKANOKET.

Philip, who, in consequence of his ambitious views and statesman-like talents, was usually denominated King Philip by the European settlers, succeeded his brother Alexander, as the ruler of his tribe, in the year 1662. His father, Massasoit, had been Sachem of the district when the colony of New Plymouth was first planted in 1620, and had contrived to preserve the relations of amity and peace with the English until his death in 1656, when his successor, the brother of Philip, having excited the jealousy of the colonists, was surprised and captured by them whilst on a hunting excursion — an outrage which preyed so deeply on his spirits that he very shortly afterwards died of a broken heart.

To the indignation and thirst of revenge which this treatment of Alexander had excited in the bosom of Philip, was added the hourly

vexation and sense of wrong which sprang from beholding the perpetual encroachments of the settlers on the soil and possessions of the native tribes, usurpations which were about to render himself and his allies dependants and even slaves in the very land of their birth.

He remained, however, an unoffending resident at Pokanoket, or Mount Hope, a lofty and beautiful rise of land in the eastern part of what is now called Bristol, Rhode Island, for nearly nine years after his ascent to power, when, in 1671, he was unfortunately driven into a war with the colonists, which terminated in a still further reduction of his dominions and independency, and led even to well founded apprehensions for the personal safety of himself and family.

In this disastrous situation he found it necessary, as the only means of preserving what was dearer to him than life itself, the liberties of his tribe, to make one great and simultaneous effort with his allies against the government of New England. He endeavoured, therefore, to collect and unite in one extensive system of warfare, all the neighbouring Indian na-

tions; and, had it not been for the treachery of an individual, who had formerly been his secretary, and who in 1674 informed the Governor of Plymouth that Philip was confederating with all the Indian tribes, against the colonists, the blow had been unexpected and overwhelming.

The discovery almost necessarily led to a premature commencement of hostilities on the part of the natives, and what had been intended for a general and closely concerted movement, degenerated into a war of desultory and unconnected enterprize. All, however, that could be achieved by undaunted courage, by fertility of expedient, and unconquerable firmness of mind, was carried into execution by the heroic Sachem of Pokanoket — but in vain! He was driven from his paternal seat at Mount Hope, pursued with unrelenting fury wherever he sought refuge or assistance, and ultimately compelled to take shelter with his followers in the vast and almost interminable forests which formed, as it were, a natural boundary to the settlements. From these issuing at various times and places, and when least ex-

pected, he contrived to carry on a war of almost unparalleled desolation; till, at length, having made several desperate but availing attempts to retrieve his affairs, having witnessed the destruction of his most faithful friends and warriors, and the death or captivity of all his relatives, including a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and an only son, he returned to Mount Hope, determined, as he found himself destined for slaughter, to perish near the throne of his fathers. And here, having been betrayed to the enemy by the brother of one whom he had recently put to death for proposing peace, he was, in the act of rushing from his place of concealment, shot by a Pocasset Indian, on the 12th of August 1676.

To this slight outline of the life and fortunes of Philip of Pokanoket, it may be interesting to add what is now thought of his character by an historian from among the descendants of those who fought against him. "The death of Philip, in retrospect," says Holmes, in his American Annals, "makes different impressions from what were made at the time of the event. It was *then* considered as the ex-

tinction of a virulent and implacable enemy; it is *now* viewed as the fall of a great warrior, a penetrating statesman, and a mighty prince. It *then* excited universal joy and congratulation, as a prelude to the close of a merciless war; it *now* awakens sober reflections on the instability of empire, the peculiar destiny of the aboriginal race, and the inscrutable decrees of heaven. The patriotism of the man was then overlooked in the cruelty of the savage; and little allowance was made for the natural jealousy of the sovereign, on account of the barbarities of the warrior. Philip, in the progress of the English settlements, foresaw the loss of his territory, and the extinction of his tribe; and made one mighty effort to prevent those calamities. Our pity for his misfortunes would be still heightened, could we rely on the tradition, mentioned by Callender, that Philip and his chief old men were at first averse to the war, and that Philip wept with grief at the news of the first English who were killed." *

It is at the precise period when the perse-

* Holmes's American Annals, Vol. i. p. 365.

cuted Sachem has wandered back to the home of his ancestors, and within forty-eight hours of the final catastrophe, that the poem of "Yamoyden" opens; but, as may be surmised from the title which it bears, a large share of the business of the fable rests upon other circumstances than those which immediately relate to the person of Philip; and, in fact, the interest of the poem is chiefly, if not altogether, sustained by pictures of the conjugal affection and disastrous fate of *Yamoyden* and his *Nora*, the former an Indian chief of exalted character, and the latter the daughter of a Mr. Fitzgerald, an English settler, who, from some melancholy domestic incidents, connected in part with the rebellion against Charles the First, had been induced to emigrate to New England. The American woos and wins his mistress by the same eloquent and unaffected detail of his exploits, which we know to have succeeded so well from the mouth of Othello; and with a result, on the part of Fitzgerald, of a nature exactly similar to that which occurred to the parent of Desdemona — a mixture of

almost unbounded astonishment and indignation.

The fable of "Yamoyden," however, as betraying several marks of inconsistency and haste, is the least valuable part of the poem, whilst of the characters, it may with justice be said, that they are throughout supported with considerable strength and discrimination. The style and versification are manifestly formed in the school of Sir Walter Scott, frequently exhibiting very happy specimens of a bold, free, and yet harmonious rythmn, and occasionally, as might be expected from the circumstances attending the construction of the work, discovering instances of slovenly diction and imperfect metre.

There are, however, in this poem, with all its defects, as I have before observed, very many passages which are stamped with the most indubitable proofs of genius; passages which shew, that, if Mr. Eastburn had lived, he might have risen to the highest rank in the poetic literature of his country; passages which indicate, along with those which I have quoted in the pre-

ceding number, that the Editor may, if so inclined, reach that station which death alone prevented his able and amiable coadjutor from attaining.

It shall now, therefore, be my pleasing duty to select, as evidence which may substantiate the praise I have bestowed, as many of the passages thus alluded to, as the limits of my paper will allow; and in doing this, it is my wish, having already given some beautiful specimens of the Editor's poetical powers, to bring forward, in the first place, those parts of the poem which, either from what has been said in the Advertisement, or casually dropped in the Notes, may, with some degree of certainty, be attributed to the pen of Mr. Eastburn.

The first canto of "Yamoyden" is occupied by a description of the council held by Philip with his small band of warriors, on their return to Mount Hope, and it opens with a picture of Aquetnet, or Rhode Island, and the opposite shore of Pocasset, which is touched with great sweetness and grace. As the poem was avowedly suggested and commenced by

Mr. Eastburn, and his friend informs us, that with the fourth stanza *he* has introduced some verses relating to the previous history of the Indian wars, we may safely ascribe the lines preceding this stanza to the original projector of the work.

1.

The morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crowned hills and murmuring shore.
'Twas summer; and the forests threw
Their chequered shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray;
And moody grief, with dark control,
There only swayed the human soul!

2.

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock sublimely piled.
What scenes of beauty met his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high!
With all its isles and inlets lay,
Beneath, the calm, majestic bay;
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed;
In wreathy, crisped brilliance borne,
While laughed the radiance of the morn.
Round rocks, that from the headlands far
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,
The chafing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray;
Along the shelving sands its swell
With hushed and equal cadence fell;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet Green! were fair to view; *

* "Aquetnet Green, or Rhode Island, has always been celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and the salubrity of its climate. Its surface is delightfully varied into hill and dale, wood and field."

Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocasset's hills in calm repose;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

3.

Where northward spread the unbounded scene,
Oft, in the valley's bosom green,
The hamlet's mouldering ruins showed,
Where war with demon brand had strode.
By prostrate hedge and fence o'erthrown,
And fields by blackening hillocks known,
And leafless tree, and scattered stone,
The midnight murderer's work was shown.
Oft, melting in the distant view,
The cot sent up its incense blue,
As yet unwrapt by hostile fire;
And, mid its trees, some rustic spire,
A peaceful signal, told that there
Was sought the God of peace in prayer.

In the second canto, which paints in very vivid and pathetic colours the conjugal affection of Yamoyden and Nora, and the despair of the latter in being forcibly carried off with her infant from her cottage during the absence of her husband, we are introduced, for the first time, to some lyrical effusions, a mode of giving variety to the fable to which the authors have frequently had recourse in the subsequent portions of the work. Of these productions, whose spirit of poetry is such as uniformly to do credit to the writers, one has been acknowledged by the editor as inserted since the death of his friend; and of the remainder, there are three, written in the same metre, which, from an allusion in the notes with regard to one of them, I am inclined to attribute to Mr. Eastburn. The first of these which I shall copy, is founded on a superstition still cherished by the present race of Indians called Creeks, who believe, that in the vast lake from which issues the river St. Mary, and which occupies a circuit of near three hundred miles, there is, among the many islands with which it abounds, one which may be justly termed a paradise on earth.

"They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful; they also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game, who, being lost in inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing, were unexpectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they call daughters of the sun, who kindly gave them such provisions as they had with them, and then enjoined them to fly for safety to their own country; for that their husbands were fierce men, and cruel to strangers: they further say, that these hunters had a view of their settlements, situated on the elevated banks of an island, or promontory, in a beautiful lake; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return; which, after a number of inexpressible difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures

to their countrymen, their young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country; but all their attempts hitherto have proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot, nor even any road or pathway to it." *

How beautifully Mr. Eastburn has availed himself of this superstition, will be seen in the following lines, which are supposed to be sung by Nora, in order to soothe her sorrows in parting, under circumstances of danger and apprehension, with her beloved Yamoyden.

I.

They say that afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

* Bertram's Travels through North and South Carolina, &c. London, 1792, pp. 25,26, as quoted by the Editor of "Yamoyden."

2.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of Nature, in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green isle of lovers!

3.

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the green isle of the lover.

4.

But fierce as the snake with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.

5.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplext, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O! who in this vain world of wo shall discover,
The home undisturbed, the green isle of the lover?

I shall now, as forming a striking contrast with the preceding lines, insert the comparison which Mr. Eastburn has very ably drawn between the genius and character of Philip of Pokanoket and the late Emperor of France. It is a noble tribute to the heroism, the patriotism, and unsubdued energy of the American chieftain, and one which places him in the light in which, there is little doubt, he will be considered by every future bard and historian. It is a specimen, also, of the spirited and harmonious construction of the metre in which the greater part of the poem is written, and must consequently impress on the mind of the reader a very high opinion of the talents which could, at so early an age as that of Mr. Eastburn and his friend, exhibit such a

mastery in numbers. The picture occupies one entire stanza, and immediately places before us the fallen hero of Marengo, Prometheus-like, bound to the sea-surrounded rocks of St. Helena.

Thou of the ocean rock! what eye
  Thy secret mind shall scan?
No conqueror now, no monarch high;
  Alone, a captive man!
Thine was the chance, in regal sway,
Amid thy panoplied array,
  And gallant pomp around,
To meet thy last, decisive day,
When war, along the kindling fray,
  With dazzling horrors frowned;
While myriad swords around thee moved,
Flashing afar the blaze beloved;
And with thy name their battle cry,
The charging squadrons rushed to die.
But here, in Hope's inglorious swamp,
In subterrene, unwarlike camp,
The stones his pillow, and the reeds
The only couch he asks or needs,
A hero lay, whose sleepless soul
Was given, the spirits to control

Of lesser men; of heart as great
As thine, spoiled favourite of fate!
And he was wise, as bold and true,
To use the simple craft he knew;
His skill from nature came;
A different clime, a different age,
Had scrolled his deeds in glory's page;
And proud as thine his wreath had been!
But if unlike thy closing scene,
How more unlike thy fame!
Thy strife was for another's throne,
For realms and subjects not thine own,
And for a conqueror's name:
He fought, because he would not yield
His birthright, and his father's field;
Would vindicate the deep disgrace,
The wrongs, the ruin of his race;—
He slew, that well avenged in death,
His kindred spirits pleased might be;—
Died for his people and his faith,
His sceptre, and his liberty!

From the fourth canto, which is entirely devoted to a detail of the religious, magical, and sacrificial rites of the American Indians, and which, though somewhat too long, and rather inartificially connected with the business of the

poem, is written with great strength of fancy, and splendour of expression, I feel gratified in being able to select a lyrical specimen which displays, indeed, very uncommon powers. From a passage in one of the notes which accompany it, and from its being preceded by an ode, pointed to in the advertisement as from the pen of the editor, I judge it to be, if not altogether, yet in a great measure the property of Mr. Eastburn. It is entitled THE PROPHECY, and put into the mouth of an Indian Priest whilst under the supposed influence of inspiration. In grandeur of imagery, and sublimity of sentiment, in a rich and sonorous flow of versification, and in a spirit-stirring enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, it exhibits much which has a claim to very distinguished and almost unqualified approbation.

1.

O heard ye around the sad moan of the gale,
As it sighed o'er the mountain, and shrieked in the vale?
'Tis the voice of the Spirit prophetic, who past;
His mantle of darkness around him is cast;

Wild flutters his robe, and the light of his plume
Faint glimmers along through the mist and the gloom;
Where the moon-beam is hidden, the shadow hath gone,
It has flitted in darkness, that morrow has none;
But my ear drank the sound, and I feel in my breast,
What the voice of the Spirit prophetic imprest.
O saw ye that gleaming unearthly of light? *
Behold where it winds o'er the moor from our sight! —
'Tis the soul of a warrior who sleeps with the slain: —
How long shall the slaughtered thus wander in vain?
It has past; through the gloom of the forest it flies, —
But I feel in my bosom its murmurs arise.

2.

Say, what are the races of perishing men?
They darken earth's surface, and vanish agen;
As the shade o'er the lake's gleaming bosom that flies,
With the stir of their wings where the wild fowl arise,

* "Among their various superstitions, they (the Algonquins) believe that the vapour which is seen to hover over moist and swampy places, is the spirit of some person lately dead." — M'Kenzie, quoted by Mr. Eastburn.

That has past, — and the sun-beam plays bright as before, —
So speed generations, remembered no more;
Since earth from the deep, at the voice of the spirit,
Rose green from the waters, with all that inherit
Its nature, its changes. The oaks that had stood
For ages, lie crumbling at length in the wood.
Where now are the race in their might who came forth,
To destroy and to waste, from the plains of the north?
As the deer through the brake, 'mid the forests they sped,
The tall trees crashed round them; earth groaned with their tread;
He perished, the Mammoth *, — in power and in pride,

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* " An Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, who visited the Governor of Virginia, during the revolution, informed him, ' that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock, (on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen,) and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered,

And defying the wrath of YOHEWAH * he died!
And say, what is man, that his race should endure,
Alone through the changes of nature secure?
Where now are the giants, the soil who possest †,
When our fathers came down from the land of the west?
The grass o'er their mounds and their fortresses waves,
And choaked amid weeds are the stones on their graves;
The hunter yet lingers in wonder, where keeps
The rock on the mountains the track of their steps;
Nor other memorial remains there, nor trace,
Of the proud ALLEGEWI's invincible race.

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except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.'" — Jefferson's Notes.

* "I have retained this word (Yohewah) in the text, because it sounds well; and, for the purposes of poetry, it is of little consequence whether it be a significant word, or a mere series of guttural noises." — Note by the Editor.

† "The tradition of the Lenapé is, that when their fathers crost the Mississippi, they met, on this side of it, with a nation called Alligewi, from whom the Alleghany river and mountains received their name. 'Many wonderful things,' says Heckewelder, 'are told of this famous people. They are said to have been remarkably stout and tall, and there is a tradition that there

3.

As their nation was slain by the hands of our sires,
Our race, in its turn, from our country expires!
Lo! even like some tree, where a spirit before*
Had dwelt, when rich garlands and offerings it bore,
But now, half-uptorn from its bed in the sands,
By the wild waves encroaching, that desolate stands,
Despoiled of the pride of its foliage and fruit,
While its branches are naked, and bare is its root; —
And each surge that returns still is wearing its bed,
Till it falls, and the ocean rolls on overhead; —

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were giants among them — people of a much larger size than the tallest of the Lenapé. It is related that they had built to themselves regular fortifications, or entrenchments, from whence they would sally out, but were generally repulsed.' — The traces of gigantic feet, in different parts of the country, mentioned in several books, are ascribed to this people in the text."

* " Autrefois les sauvages voisins de l'Acadie avoient dans leur pays sur le bord de la mer un arbre extrémement vieux, dont ils racontoient bien des merveilles, et qu'on voyoit toujours chargé d'offrandes. La mer ayant découvert toute sa racine, il se soûtint encore longtems presqu'en l'air contre la violence des vents et des flots, ce qui confirme ces sauvages dans la pensée qu'il étoit la siége de quelque grand Esprit: sa chute ne fut pas même capable de les détromper, et tant qu'il en parut quelque bout de branches hors de l'eau, on lui rendit les mêmes honneurs, qu'avoit reçûs tout l'arbre, lorsqu'il étoit sur pied." — Charlevoix, p. 349.

Nor a wreck on the shore, nor a track on the flood,
Tells aught of the trunk that so gloriously stood ; —
Even so shall our nations, the children of earth,
Return to that bosom that yielded them birth.
Ye tribes of the EAGLE, the PANTHER and WOLF!
Deep sunk lie your names in a fathomless gulf!
Your war-whoop's last echo has died on the shore;
The smoke of your wigwams is curling no more.
Mourn, land of my fathers! thy children are dead;
Like the mists in the sun-beam, thy warriors have fled!

4.

But a spirit there is, who his presence enshrouds,
Enthroned on our hills in his mantle of clouds.
He speaks in the whirlwind ; the river outpours
Its tribute to him, where the cataract roars.
His breath is the air we inhale; and his reign
Shall endure till the waters have triumphed again ;
Till the earth's deep foundation convulsions shall heave,
And the bosom of darkness its fabric receive!
'Tis THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM! and ne'er shall our grave
Be trod by the recreant, or spurned by the slave!
And lo! as the vision of years rolls away,
When our tribes shall have past, and the victor hath sway,

That spirit I mark o'er the war-cloud presiding,
The storm that rolls upward sublime he is guiding;
It is bursting in terror; and choked is the path
Of peace, by the ruins it whelms in its wrath.
The rivers run blood; and the war-cauldron boils,
By the flame of their cities, the blaze of their spoils.
Bend, bend from your clouds, and rejoice in the sight,
Ye ghosts of the red men! for freedom they fight!

5.

Dim visions! why crowd ye so fast o'er my eyes,
In the twilight of days that are yet to arise?
Undefined are the shapes and the masses that sweep,
Like the hurricane clouds, o'er the face of the deep;
They rise like the waves on the surf-beaten shore,
But recede ere they form, to be gazed on no more,
Like the swarms of the doves o'er the meads that descend *,

* "We imbarqued and made towards a meadow, in the neighbourhood of which, the trees were covered with that sort of fowl, more than with leaves: For just then 'twas the season in which they retire from the north countries, and repair to the southern climates; and one would have thought that all the turtle-doves upon earth had chose to pass through this place. For the eighteen or twenty days that we stay'd there, I firmly believe that a thousand men might have fed upon 'em heartily, without putting themselves to any trouble." — La Hontan, I. p. 62.

From the north's frozen regions their course when they bend,
So quick o'er our plains is the multitude's motion;
Still the white sails gleam thick o'er the bosom of ocean;
As the foam of their furrows is lost in the sea,
So *they* melt in one nation, united and free!

6.

Mourn, land of my fathers! the red men have past,
Like the strown leaves of Autumn, dispersed by the blast!
Mourn, land of the victor! a curse shall remain,
Till appeased in their clime are the ghosts of the slain!
Like the plants that by pure hands of virgins alone
Must be plucked*, or their charm and their virtue is gone,
So the fair fruits of freedom, souls only can taste,
That are stained by no crime, by no passion debased.
His nest, where the foul bird of avarice† hath made,
The songsters in terror take wing from the shade;

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* "L'on montre certaines plantes fort salutaires, qui n'ont point de vertu, disent les sauvages, si elles ne sont employées par de mains vierges." — Charlevoix, p. 350.

† The Hawk.

And man, if unclean in his bosom the fire,
No holier spirits descend to inspire.
Mourn, land of the victor! our curse shall remain,
Till appeased for their wrongs be the souls of the slain!

Having thus supplied my readers with some specimens of what, I have reason to think, is, in a very great degree, if not exclusively, the composition of Mr. Eastburn; specimens which must assuredly give birth to a high estimate of the genius and poetical talents of their author; I conceive it in justice due to the Editor and joint Composer of "Yamoyden," notwithstanding the very admirable proofs of his powers which I have quoted from the various insulated stanzas annexed to different portions of the poem, to produce also, from the body of the work, some instances of what I know, from the prefixed advertisement, has originated solely from his pen; more especially as they cannot fail of showing how closely approximated were these young men in taste and talent.

Amongst the passages pointed out in this advertisement, as being additions to the original

matter subsequent to the death of Mr. Eastburn, is one which the Editor has designated by the title of "a sermon." It is introduced into the third canto, and placed in the mouth of a Christian Priest belonging to the Settlers, who, it will be recollected, were induced to emigrate to America, in order to escape the religious bigotry and persecutions which, at that time, prevailed in their native country. The preacher is recapitulating the sufferings of those who expired as martyrs mid the flames lighted up in England by the intolerance of papal zeal, and he thus apostrophizes the island from which he had fled:

O England! from thine earliest age,
Land of the warrior and the sage!
Eyrie of freedom, reared on rocks
That frown o'er ancient ocean's shocks!
Cradle of art! religion's fane,
Whose incense ne'er aspired in vain!
Temple of laws that shall not die,
When brass and marble crumbled lie!
Parent of bards whose harps rehearse
Immortal deeds in deathless verse!
O England! can thy pride forget
Thy soil with martyr's blood is wet?

These lines, though in their opening adumbrated from a well known passage in Sir Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, yet exhibit, both in their imagery and versification, a large share of vigour and spirit. The skill of the Editor, indeed, not only in the fabrication of the octo-syllabic metre, but in the construction of the more varied lyric stanza, is strikingly apparent in the parts which are confessedly the produce of his pen, nor are his descriptive powers less prominent in these portions of Yamoyden, than we found them to be in the Spenserian stanzas quoted in the preceding number. Of these assertions, the annexed extract, forming an entire stanza of the sixth canto, and taken from a part of which he has acknowledged himself the introducer, will afford, I should imagine, very adequate proof. It represents a friendly Indian, of the Mohegan tribe, embarking with the afflicted Nora for the purpose of crossing the bay towards Mount Hope in search of her husband, who, under feelings of despair, at the sudden loss of his wife and child, had joined the desperate and death-devoted followers of the Sachem of Pokanoket. The picturesque and contrasted ap-

pearance of the voyagers, as they traversed the waters by moonlight, is ably and beautifully sustained:

His boat was nigh; its fragile side,
Boldly the 'venturous wanderer tried;
Along they shot o'er the murmuring bay,
As they bore for the adverse bank away.
I guess it was a full strange sight,
To see in the track of the ghostly light,
The swarthy chief and the lady bright,
O'er the heaving waves borne on;
While her white wan cheek and robe of white
The pale ray played upon;
And above his dusky plumage shook;
Backward was flung his feathery cloak,
As his brawny arms were stretched to ply,
The oars that made their shallop fly: —
I ween that he who had seen them ride,
As they rose in turn o'er the bellying tide,
Had deemed it a vision of olden time,
Of Afric wizard in faëry clime;
In durance dread, by sorceries dark,
Who wafted a lady in magic bark.
And all above, and around them, save
Where the quivering beam was on the wave,

Was dubious light, and shifting shade,
By clouds and mists and waters made:
The snowy foam on the billow lay,
Then sunk in the black abyss away;
The rack went scudding before the blast,
And its gloom o'er the bay came swift, and past;
Flittingly gleamed the silvery streak,
On the waving hills and mountain peak;
But the star of love looked out in the west,
As if that lone lady's path she blest.

I have thus endeavoured, by a pretty extensive adduction of instances, to place the poetical merits of Mr. Eastburn and his Friend, in a conspicuous point of view; and, from what has been brought forward, I think it will readily be allowed, that to many of the qualifications necessary to constitute the genuine poet, more particularly to vividity of description, and energy of versification, they have established a just claim. They appear, indeed, to have been assimilated very closely, both in their powers of conception and execution, and, recollecting how unfavourable were many of the extrinsic circumstances which accompanied their joint

efforts in the composition of "Yamoyden," they have produced a work which, notwithstanding some defects in the fabrication of its fable, and some indications of haste and incorrectness in its style and metre, will obtain for itself not only a considerable share of present admiration, but will long preserve the memory of its youthful writers on the records both of genius and of friendship.

No. XI.

I call upon thee in the night,
When none alive are near;
I dream about thee with delight,—
And then thou dost appear,
Fair as the day-star o'er the hill,
When skies are blue, and all is still.

Thou stand'st before me silently,
The spectre of the past;
The trembling azure of thine eye,
Without a cloud o'ercast;
Calm as the pure and silent deep,
When winds are hush'd and waves asleep.—

It is a dream, and thou art gone;
The midnight breezes sigh;
And downcast — sorrowful — alone —
With sinking heart, I lie
To muse on days, when thou to me
Wert more than all on earth can be!

Δ *

* These stanzas are taken from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. vi. p. 384, in which publication will be found numerous poetical contributions distinguished by the same letter of the

"How very adroitly, my dear Sir," said Edward, as he sate down to the little banquet in the Refectory of Rivaulx Abbey, "must you have managed this pleasing arrangement, thus to have escaped, not only detection, but even suspicion on my part. In our small establishment, and with my prying propensities, I should have thought this next to impossible."

"It was my wish, Edward," replied Mr. Walsingham smiling, "that the unexpectedness of the thing should add to its welcome. I was aware, as I have just said, that the day would prove hot and sultry, and I well knew, from repeated experience, that much time would be consumed, and much fatigue incurred in duly noticing these magnificent ruins. I could not but recollect, also, that in my guests I had to contend with two very opposite stages of existence, with advanced life and opening youth, and though they had themselves, somewhat

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Greek alphabet. I have heard these pieces ascribed to Mr. Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge, and they are, in general, such, indeed, as, from the taste, and feeling, and imagination which they exhibit, would not detract from the reputation of any poet of the present day.

hastily perhaps, meditated a long and hazardous journey, that practice had not as yet inured them to much exertion of the kind. As soon, therefore, as your proposal had been made, I secretly despatched my gardener and his sons with what the house could furnish to old Bernard's cottage, as the nearest to the Abbey, and with directions that as soon as they saw us engaged within the choir, they should convey what they had in charge hither, and clearing a piece of ground as well as they could, endeavour to find accommodation for a small table and a few chairs; and I have now only to hope, my good friends," he added, "that the stratagem, such as it is, will be attended with the desired effect."

"For myself, my kind host," exclaimed Lluellyn, "I can truly say, that I most gratefully enter into and enjoy the very considerate benevolence which has, with the word of enchantment as it were, led these refreshments hither. Nor could you, in my opinion, have fixed upon a place which, when the wants of the body had been sufficed, could have furnished more acceptable food for the mind; for what

mighty revolutions have not taken place in the minds and manners of men, civil as well as ecclesiastical, since this noble Refectory last sheltered at their social meal, the assembled brotherhood of Rivaulx!"

"It does, indeed," replied Mr. Walsingham, "add one striking proof to many which we possess of the evanescency of all human institutions. For nothing, perhaps, could appear more consolidated, more capable of resisting the usual mutabilities of society, than, some centuries ago, the very order of Religionists who raised these walls. But to the energy, industry, and perseverance which first metamorphosed these once barren acres into fields of corn and walks of pasturage; to the devotional piety, and wonder-working zeal which converted the quarries of the Rye into yonder temple to Religion, in time succeeded luxury and its attendant indolence, superstition and its constant companion intolerance; and though these results were mingled with a large portion of charity and hospitality, yet could not these virtues, eminent as they were, protect the orders whence they had emanated, from that overwhelming torrent of

detection and exposure which the march of human intellect had been long accumulating against them. Unhappily the storm, owing to the very circumstance of its long suppression, burst with a fury so desolating and indiscriminative, as to prostrate all before it; and much that was good, and might have been preserved, and many individuals, and even associations of individuals, that merited a better fate, perished in its wrath.

"But, long before this tempest had awakened, these Monastic retreats had fulfilled their duties. During the dark and barbaric ages of Europe, they had kept alive a spirit of piety and devotion, and with these, and through their very medium indeed, they had preserved from extinction the spark of literature and science; and though they did not absolutely fan it into a flame, we must allow that it grew brighter under their care. When destruction overtook them, they had ceased to act either as the guardians of religion or of learning; and though as a refuge for the poor and destitute, as an asylum for aged men of letters, and for friendless or persecuted females of the middle or upper classes of

society, they have scarcely since been superseded, yet, on the broad basis of general utility, they were found no longer subservient to the progress of human improvement. But this should not the less diminish our gratitude for what they have effected; and how far architecture, as one of the fine arts, was cherished under their patronage, the Ruin we have just quitted, and the very room in which we are now placed, will sufficiently evince."

"Indeed, Sir," said Hoel, alluding to the close of these remarks, "I have been long admiring the exquisite symmetry and beauty of this once splendid Refectory; for that it was formerly rich in decoration is apparent from some specimens which I have just discovered of the fine plaister which stuccoed its walls, and of the paint with which that composition was ornamented. But setting aside these things as of trivial import, how can we sufficiently praise the style in which this room has been constructed. How light and lofty are its pointed windows, and how elegant the mouldings and finials which adorn them!"

"You surprise me, Hoel," cried Mr. Wal-

singham, "by the intimacy which, at your early period of life, you seem to have acquired with Gothic architecture. Why you absolutely speak of it with the taste and tact of a connoisseur!" "It is to my dear father, Sir," replied the youth, blushing, "that I am indebted for what little knowledge I possess of it. Before it pleased Heaven to deprive him of his sight, it was his greatest gratification, when leisure occurred, to visit places of this description. I was too young, indeed, when we first saw Rivaulx, to retain much recollection of its characteristic beauties; but since that period I have seen Fountain's Abbey, and more than once our neighbouring old and venerable Church at Kirkdale, and the differences of style and order were distinctly pointed out to me by my father. But, I am afraid, you will think me too forward and presuming, Sir, in thus venturing to give my opinion."

"Not at all, my dear youth," cried Mr. Walsingham; "on the contrary, I am unexpectedly delighted with your intelligence concerning what has always afforded me peculiar pleasure; nor will Edward be more inclined to

find fault with you than myself, for, young as he is, he is as much of an enthusiast in the study of these ancient and picturesque remains as myself. But, returning to our subject, let me direct your attention to those ample circular arches on the right, and nearly in the centre of the room. There was antiently situated the music-gallery, and on the outside you will find, on examination, the fragments of a circular staircase leading to it. Long is it, my dear Lluellyn," he added, turning to the minstrel who sate absorbed in thought, "long is it since the music of that gallery gave added chearfulness to the plenty of the feast! Tones such as were then wont to recreate the smiling guest and portly monk, would ill accord with the aspect of decay and ruin; but, shattered as these walls are, green with moss, or grey with lichens, on whose summits waves the long tall grass, and whose sides are thinly screened by trembling sprays or pendent foliage, there are notes which suit their desolation well; and, as the light winds mourn around us, are fitted to invest the scene with that soul soothing sympathy so dear to feeling minds, that kindly mood of melancholy which, whilst

it tells us that we ourselves are hastening to decay, yet lifts the soul from earth to heaven."

Lluellyn bowed his head; an expression of peculiar solemnity and awe sate upon his aged features, yet mingled with the fire of enthusiasm. He seized his harp, which had lain supported on his feet, and whilst the breeze, which was now tempering the heat of the mid-day sun, lifted his grey hair, and caused it to stream across his withered cheeks, and faded temples, he swept the chords with more than usual strength and energy. The sound, deep, and rich, and mellow, filled the whole compass of the Refectory, and then gradually sunk and melted into tones of the utmost tenderness, wild, and plaintive, and prolonged.

A profound sigh, accompanied by marks of great agitation, escaped from Mr. Walsingham, as Lluellyn closed his melody. So deep, indeed, and so heavily-drawn had been the former, that it did not fail to arrest the attention even of the minstrel himself, who, somewhat apprehensive that he had, however unconsciously, furnished the cause, enquired of his friend, with much anxiety, if any thing in the air which he

had selected had been unfortunately productive of uneasiness.

"I cannot but confess," he replied, "that the beautiful but mournful little melody you had chosen, and which was familiar to me in a dear and very distant land, has awakened in my bosom recollections full of sorrow; for my life, like your own, Lluellyn, has not been passed either in luxury or in ease, nor exempt, indeed, from the effects of vicissitude and misfortune. But it is the lot of humanity, my friend, and we all know, or ought to know, that the hand which chasteneth us, is lifted but in mercy."

"It is a conviction, Mr. Walsingham," returned the aged bard, "which has never deserted me, even in the deepest misery; and now, more than ever, does the blest assurance cling round my being; aye, and in the hour of silence and of solitude, and in the still small voice of hope and peace, does it whisper to my heart that all shall yet be well! — But, since the subject has been mentioned, may I not be allowed to enquire, if, without recalling events too painful to be dwelt upon, you could not gratify me with an outline of what has fallen to your lot since

we took an affectionate, and, as it has proved, a long farewell of each other in the land of our nativity? The lesson of adversity, more especially when it has been sustained by fortitude and resignation, will always be an useful one; and, independent of the strong interest which I must necessarily take in whatever has befallen you, cannot be too often repeated, even under the supposition that my young friend Edward here, is familiar with its details."

"Indeed, Sir," cried Edward, with great eagerness and emotion, "the subject will be as novel to me as it can possibly be to you; and permit me, without offence, to add, even more interesting; for, though I owe to Mr. Walsingham," he continued, "all that a son can owe to the best and kindest of fathers, my acquaintance with the history of his life, anterior to his settlement on the banks of the Rye as my guardian and protector, extends but to what I have casually picked up during the fervency of your late recognition of each other. Let me join my entreaties, therefore, to yours, my good and venerable bard; and pardon me, most generous of men," he pursued, addressing Mr. Walsing-.

ham, "if I venture to remark, that Llucllyn has some claim upon you for a communication which he has himself so liberally bestowed."

"I readily admit it," answered Mr. Walsingham, "nor shall it have been altogether made in vain; but you should recollect Edward," turning upon him a look in which affection was tempered with some slight shade of reproof, "that I am bound by ties from which I cannot at present emancipate myself. Yet I frankly confess," directing himself to Llucllyn, "that as far as I can in honour go, no one is so fully entitled as yourself, my valued friend, to my most unreserved confidence. All, therefore, that I can impart I will, and it is probable, I think, that a little time may develope the rest. But I am giving an importance, by this kind of introductory parade, to what in itself may be of little worth or interest."

"No doubt you recollect the evening when, as the sun was sinking behind Llanddwyneven Priory, we parted for the last time. How beautiful, I can well remember, rolled the waves of Caernarvon Bay in that reposing light; how soft,

how tranquil, yet how glowing! 'To-morrow, never to return,' I said, 'I leave my native land!' The tears started in thine eyes, Lluellyn, — we embraced and rushed asunder! Alas! since that sad moment how many cares, how many afflictions have pressed heavy on us both! Yet thy lot, I must confess, hath had more of misery in it than mine own; and I honour thee, Lluellyn, more than I do the noblest potentate on earth, that thou hast borne it with such firmness and resignation! But it would be, indeed, not only weakness but ingratitude to complain, for though the storm has raged around us, and its gloom still hovers over our heads, we can nevertheless recall many hours of sunshine and of joy; nor do we now want that best of all consolations, the Christian's hope and trust, that he that made us, is about to hush our sorrows in a world of love and peace. — I am, however, too widely deviating from my subject, and I hasten, therefore, to remark, that I have ever considered it as one of the most pleasing circumstances in my life, that when my duty called me from a land of romantic grandeur,

from a land of rock, of mountain, and of flood, it was to place me in one of still greater sublimity and beauty.

"You well know, from an ardent participation in the same taste, how great may be the attachment to this species of scenery, and can, therefore, easily conceive, however painful for a time must have been the separation from my country, and the friends of my youth, that a journey to Switzerland was likely to afford no unacceptable compensation. It was to my uncle, as, I think, you were informed on the eve of my departure, that I was about to go as his chosen pupil for the sacred ministry. He was a clergyman of the Reformed Church at Meyringen, a large and neat village, and the capital burgh of Hasliland, a district in the Canton of Berne.

"Never shall I forget my emotions as, entering Switzerland by the South of France, I passed through the Pays De Vaud, and the southern part of the Cantons of Friburgh and Berne, on my way to the place of my destination, It was about six o'clock, on the evening of a fine day in summer, that I reached Rolle on the northern bank of the Lake of Geneva. The

sun was sinking behind the ridge of Jura, and his rich and glowing tints slept like molten gold on the tranquil bosom of the lake, while all its opposite magnificent and truly elysian shores were splendidly illumined by the setting light. I traced the borders of the lake as far as Vevay and Villeneuve, enchanted with the contrasted, wild, and picturesque scenery which every moment presented itself, and lost in admiration of that prospect of great and elevated forms which the distant summits of the Alps of St. Bernard and Mont Blanc offered to the astonished view. Much as I had been accustomed to a striking and varied aspect of country, I now felt that even in imagination I had never pictured to myself any thing at all adequate to the combination of grandeur, sublimity, and beauty which was here unveiled before me. At my feet reposed, in every graceful diversity of rock, and wood, and water, of romantic hill and sequestered valley, the most delicious and tranquillizing scenes of pastoral sweetness and amenity; and in close juxta-position with these happy and undisturbed seclusions, rose the bold and imposing forms of simple and majestic

nature, while, at the same time, still farther removed, and impressing the soul with the awful idea of infinity, towered an uninterrupted chain of immense mountains, and everlasting glaciers, whose caverned masses and enormous rocks, rising one above another, capped with eternal snow, and resounding at times with the wildest uproar of elemental strife, produced in the mind an almost involuntary shudder.

" But neither pen nor pencil can do justice to this magnificent theatre of Almighty power, where beauty sits smiling as it were in the lap of horror, and where the eye takes in at once scenes which; as objects of their art, might alike excite the admiration and despair of Claude or Salvator Rosa. I must therefore be content to state, that after travelling through a tract in which every rock and river, every cataract and precipice is discriminated by ever endless modifications of the wild, the terrific, and the picturesque, with the Valais on my right hand, and the mountains of Furca and St. Gothard in front, I at length arrived at Meyringen, and was most cordially received by my kind relative, who had been long expecting me, and to whom

indeed, as death had bereaved him of all his children, I became as a son.

" I found him situated in one of the most romantic vallies of the rapid Aar, at the foot of Mount Housli, surrounded by meadows of the most luxuriant verdure, and these beautifully dotted with cottages embosomed in groups of beech and pine. Close by the village, which stands on the verge of the Canton of Underwalden, rush from the hills of Housli two perpendicular cascades, called the torrents of Alpbach, the roar of whose waters, often very considerable in volume, may be occasionally heard to a great distance. Near these, and trickling gently over the face of the bare rock with a softly murmuring noise, glides another fall, termed the Dorf-bach, while farther on, and glistening through a hanging grove of pines, are seen the descending streams of the Millebach.

" Few places, indeed, even in Switzerland, can surpass Meyringen, either in the beauty or singularity of its scite. In the immediate neighbourhood of the sources of the Aar, the Pentis, the Rhone, and the Rhine, it is surrounded by

objects of stupendous grandeur or romantic loveliness. To the south are the Glaciers of Grindelwald, and here the gigantic mountains of the Sheider, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, and the Jungfrau, connect it with the fertile region of the Upper Valais; to the north it has the Lake of Lucerne; to the south-east Mount St. Gothard and the Grisons, and to the west the Lakes of Brientz and of Thun; whilst the Reichenbach, a mountain torrent abounding in cataracts, and which rises at the foot of the Wetterhorn, joins, after pouring down the precipices of Mount Sheider, the Aar, as it rolls through Meyringen, and exhibiting, within two miles of this junction, a perpendicular fall of two hundred feet, whose variety in its stages of descent, and whose foam and spray, and deafening sound, astonish while they delight the beholder!

"Nor had this place acquired more celebrity for the attraction of its scenery than for those which distinguished its inhabitants; for the men were esteemed superior both in strength and symmetry of proportion to the generality of their neighbours, and the women enjoyed a

similar reputation for the tallness of their stature, the expressive sweetness of their features, and for the fine brown hair which they cherished with peculiar care, and wore in the most fascinating style.

"Hither then had my uncle come early in life, in consequence of an attachment which he had formed for a Swiss lady, a native of this place, into whose company he had been accidentally thrown during a short excursion to the continent; and here had he long resided, the pastor of a small flock, to whom he was inexpressibly dear, not only for the religious instruction which he had the happy art of conveying in the most useful and impressive manner, but for the uniform simplicity and goodness of his heart. His cottage, or, to give it a more dignified appellation, his little parsonage, was situated on the banks of the Aar, and but a few hundred yards from the church, whose old and ivyed tower, just rising above a grove of larch and fir, seemed the very image of repose and peace. Nothing, indeed, could be more soothing and delicious than the character of this chosen spot, when, as the sun was descending,

his farewell beams glowed on the turrets of the sacred building, and then burnt with lingering splendour on the summits of the dark forests of pine which crowned the adjacent mountains, while, at the same time, the murmur of the neighbouring cascades, the deep and solemn sounding of the rushing Aar, and the lowing of the herds on its banks, formed a combination of tones that irresistibly lulled the mind to calmness and serenity, more especially if at the same moment, as was often the case, the breathing of the shepherd's pipe was heard remotely through the valley.

"As tranquil and as hallowed as the scene which smiled around him, were the thoughts and feelings of my noble relative, as I may justly term him; for there was in his every action, in his entire conduct and manner, a certain simplicity and purity of intention, a kind of divine quietude of heart, which stamped upon his character a something approaching to sublimity. Nor was the regulation of his little household, conducted by her who had for nearly half a century been the partner of his cares and affections, and who had ever looked

up to him with the most enthusiastic love and admiration, less remarkable for its simple and unostentatious style. Extraordinary neatness and convenience, indeed, were visible throughout, but not the smallest indication of any thing which could be construed into a tendency towards luxury or show. His furniture and food were of the plainest description, and, with few exceptions, the produce of his immediate neighbourhood; nor was there, in fact, a trace of expenditure that could reasonably have been spared, if we include within the meaning of this declaration, as we ought in all liberality to do, his drawings, engravings, and books, of which he had a large and valuable collection. His time and property were, in short, consecrated to his little flock; on their happiness he built his own; and for their well-being here and hereafter, were all the energies of his active and benevolent mind successfully and almost incessantly brought forth."

"That he was beloved in return, with a warmth, and devotedness, and sincerity, almost peculiar to the strong feelings and unsophisticated virtues of this Alpine race; that he was

reverenced for his learning, and his words treasured up as if they had issued from an oracle, and that few ever left him without being wiser and better, without purer resolves, and added hope and consolation, may, from the sketch which I have just given of him, be easily conceived, and as readily credited.

" Such was the sage in whose family I enjoyed the singular felicity of being domesticated for more than twelve years, deriving from his instructions, and above all, from his example, the most perfect and lovely idea of the pastoral office and character. When I look back, indeed, upon the period which I spent in this happy valley, upon its stupendous mountains and resounding cataracts, upon its woods, its streams, its rocks, its green retreats and social cottages, and on the human virtues which were there nurtured and matured, a picture is presented to my imagination which almost realises what we are taught to conceive of a paradise on earth.

" Nor will the approximation to this state be deemed less close or less entitled to verisimilitude, when I add, that it was here I first felt

the influence of that passion which, when properly directed and controlled, constitutes the best and purest of all human enjoyments. Yes, it was here, and under the approving eye of him whose sanction had been ever estimated as a blessing, that my heart first learnt to glow with those emotions which arise from virtuous love; and it was then, Lluellyn, that my harp, which had long lain neglected and untouched, was re-awakened into being. There lives, my friend, a mysterious consonancy between the music of sweet sounds and that interior harmony of the soul which love attunes, an interchange of sympathy of which I had never felt the force until this tenderest of attachments had taught me to associate the name of Maria Orlenstein with the melodies of my native land.

"It was then, whilst wandering by the foaming waters of the Aar, or reposing at the foot of the gently-gliding Dorf-bach, and whilst the reminiscences of my Cambrian relatives came mingled with the music of their hills and streams, that the image of this lovely girl rose blended with the song. Then sweeter shone

the setting sun, then balmier breathed the evening gale, a glow more pleasing tinged the pine-crowned rock, a sound more soothing issued from the falls; and whilst softer swelled the harp in memory of long-severed friends, more intensely did the bosom feel the hope and transport of responding love.

"But the recollection of these scenes so dear to opening life, remains still so vividly impressed upon my mind, that I am in danger, I perceive, notwithstanding the lapse of years, of becoming too much a rhapsodist on the occasion. I will endeavour, therefore, in a more subdued tone to state, that Maria Orlenstein was a native of Friburg, and a relation of my uncle's by marriage, that she was about the age of nineteen when I first saw her beneath his roof, and that a more interesting or more amiable young woman, not even Switzerland, with all her modest and retiring virtues, had ever produced. She had been partly educated under the care of my uncle, and many of the drawings which I had so much admired in his book-room, were of her execution, and very faithful and beautiful transcripts they were, of the most

striking parts of the adjacent scenery. She was also passionately fond of the poetry and music of her native country, and you may conceive the rapture which sparkled in her eyes when I struck the harp of Taliessin to those strains of liberty and affection which Switzerland has poured forth with such profusion from all her thousand hills and rocks.

"Lovely, however, as were her features, and delightful as were her accomplishments, these, I am persuaded, even young and unacquainted with the world as I then was, would not have secured my lasting attachment; it was to the simplicity and purity of her thoughts, to the devotional, yet rational and sublime enthusiasm which she had imbibed from the converse and example of the Pastor of Meyringen, that she owed an influence over my heart which time has not diminished, and which death itself shall not, I trust, dissolve.

"Maria, though not a constant resident, was a frequent visitor in the happy valley of Meyringen; our tastes were similar, and when, after some years of reciprocal and increasing regard, I had, through the interest of my uncle, been

appointed to the care of the Church of Lauterbruennen in Oberland, no objection was made to our marriage on the part of either parents or friends. Thither, therefore, in a few weeks after our hands had been united by our dear and excellent relative, we retired, blest in each other, and in the consolatory prospect of keeping up an almost constant intercourse with our beloved friends on the banks of the Aar.

" Lauterbruennen, indeed, is little more than a day's journey from the vale of Meyringen; but short as was the distance, such is the peculiar nature of this country, that it seemed situated in a world of its own. It consists, in fact, of a number of cottages sprinkled over a valley of very singular beauty and verdure, but hidden as it were in the very bosom of the Alps. A chain of hills, of which Jungfrau is the highest point, a mountain of stupendous altitude, forms its eastern boundary, while the opposite extremity, though by no means so elevated, is yet more distinguished by the celebrated and truly wonderfull fall of the Staubbach, a torrent which rolls perpendicularly from so vast a height as to excite in the mind of the spectator the utmost

astonishment mingled with awe. The larger volume of it, in fact, is seen descending through the whole of its fall, a course of more than nine hundred feet clear of the overhanging mountain; while a portion, striking midway against a projection of the rock, flies off with such violence as to resemble, on looking up to it, as you stand beneath the cataract, the appearance of a cloud of dust, a phenomenon, indeed, which has given origin to the name it bears.

"Nor are these the sole wonders which distinguish the immediate neighbourhood of this valley, for, within a three hours ride of it, you reach the tremendous glaciers which unfold themselves at the feet of the Breit-horn, regions of everlasting ice, deserts of eternal snow, and which, surrounded as they are by the most rugged and almost impassable rocks, no human eye can view without a shuddering sensation of sublimity and horror.

"Amid a country such as this, whose every aspect bears the character of the terrible and the immense, the little valley of Lauterbruennen, green as an emerald, watered by the most pellucid streams, interspersed with trees and shel-

tering roofs, and inlaid with a thousand flowers, smiled like a scene of enchantment. It looked as if it had been dropped into the bosom of these gigantic mountains by the arm of some beneficent Genius, in order that it might bloom with tenfold beauty and loveliness from the force of contrast.

"If ever Happiness dwelt among the sons of men, she seemed resident with Maria and myself in the valley of Lauterbruennen. Secluded from the rest of the world, vice and folly had made slight inroads amongst us; to obliterate their traces proved no difficult task, and, consequently, one source of unalloyed delight sprang from the consciousness of being able to preserve in all their pristine integrity, the piety and simplicity which had been from time immemorial the general characteristics of my little flock.

"To this moral prospect, calculated as it was to throw an ever-during complacency over the mind and spirits, were added the resources which flow from social and literary intercourse; for, though far aloof as we were from all the

bustle, temptations, and intrigues of busy life, there were not wanting, even in this very sequestered part of Switzerland, those who, notwithstanding our Alpine barrier, could find attractions in the confined circle at the fire side of the Pastor of Lauterbruennen, and who brought with them the best qualifications of the head as well as of the heart.

"It was, moreover, on a due estimate of ourselves, founded on a perfect dependency on Him from whom descends every good and gracious gift, on the pure union of our own wills and affections, on the continued cultivation of our own minds, and on the daily study of nature and of nature's God, that our individual happiness was built. Thus employed, every morning did we waken as to a jubilee, and every evening found us resigned to peaceful and refreshing slumbers. The seasons, in short, rolled by laden with blessings on their wings, and I had only to wish, that when death put a period to our existence, the scene might be closed upon us together, and that to neither might be assigned the painful

and afflictive task of weeping for the loss of the other."

"But uninterrupted happiness, my dear Lluellyn, is not, nor ever will be here, the lot of man. It is only to be found in another and a better world; and therefore it is, that pain, mental as well as bodily, if not the constant, is, very generally, the companion of our journey through this sublunary scene. It is often, in fact, the medium through which we become purified and prepared for an infinitely higher state of being, of whose faculties and powers of enjoyment we can now form a very inadequate idea.

"That it was in mercy, therefore, and not in anger, that it pleased the Almighty to deprive us of the domestic felicity which was rapidly rendering life an object of inordinate value and attachment, I can now, at length, readily believe. Yes, my friends, three years, three brief years had scarcely elapsed since our union, when Maria, she who had been to me all that fancy could pourtray, or human love could hope for, was snatched from me, together with the in-

fant which she had just borne, by the sudden stroke of death! I must leave you to conceive the extreme misery, the agonizing sense of utter desolation, to which this event subjected me. Yet, wretched as I was, I still lingered at the grave of her whose memory I cherished with a fondness which no living object had power to share, and it was only by the compulsory interference of my friends, that I was, at length, driven from a spot where my health was daily falling a sacrifice to the indulgence of unavailing woe.

"To the kind and consolatory care, indeed, of my reverend uncle, under whose roof I was again received, to his affectionate sympathy and admonition, I owe the preservation of my existence, and the restoration of my peace of mind. He it was, who judiciously allowing for the first overwhelming tide of grief, would not withhold a partial recurrence to the scene of my former happiness, to the turf where slept the remains of my beloved wife; but it was with the view of gradually weaning me from a luxury fatal to my repose. He contrived to

render the intervals of my visits insensibly longer, and at last, strongly recommended, at least for a few years, a return to my native country, as even the scenery and recollections at Meyringen kept up a kind of feverish and morbid sensibility. To this advice, however, I felt a more than common repugnance, as to follow it would seem to tear me from every local association connected with the existence of my lost Maria. But an occurrence of a very extraordinary nature soon after added weight to my uncle's proposition, and eventually placed me, not indeed in Wales, but in the sequestered Valley of the Rye."

As these words died on the lips of Mr. Walsingham, marks of great agitation were visible in the countenance and demeanour of Edward. His cheeks were alternately flushed with hope or pale with the hue of apprehension; he trembled through every limb, and, at length, in a hurried accent and manner, exclaimed, "Thank heaven! then I shall at last learn —"

Here he was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Walsingham, who, turning upon him a look in

which pity and deep feeling were strongly and very strikingly expressed, mildly and in tones of the utmost kindness, said, "Be patient, my beloved Edward, nor anticipate what, upon recollection, you must be sensible it is not in my power, at present, to reveal. Something, however, you will obtain from what I feel myself at liberty to add with regard to myself, though I am afraid it will but tend to augment your eagerness and anxiety after circumstances which, I am sorry to say, must for a time remain concealed. But I will keep you, as to what I have now to communicate, no longer in suspense.

"It was early on the evening of a fine summer's day, that, on my return from Lauterbruennen to Meyringen, I had reached a few cottages situated in a little valley at the foot of the Wetterhorn or Stormy Peak, and well protected from its fury by some sheltering woods; it was a place I generally had stopped at for the purpose of rest and refreshment, and here, as usual, myself and my dogs, for I was always accompanied in these excursions by some of the

breed celebrated for their sagacity and utility during accidents in these regions of snow, paused from our fatigue. We were informed that a small party, consisting of a lady and her child, and three servants and a guide, had just passed on their way to Lucerne from the hot baths of Leuk; and scarcely had we heard this news, and began our homely repast of coarse bread and cheese, when the thunder of a falling *avalanche*, or large body of snow suddenly separated from the mountain, burst upon our ears. So tremendous was the sound, that we had no doubt a very considerable mass had been precipitated with overwhelming force; and, suddenly starting to our legs, myself and two of the peasantry, together with the dogs, instantly took the road which wound at the base of the Wetterhorn, and had not proceeded more than a mile, when we found the passage completely blocked up by part of a stupendous volume of snow that, after detaching itself from the summit of the mountain, had not only filled the road but a great part of the adjacent valley.

"As it became evident from the action of

the dogs, who are unerring on these occasions, that some unfortunate travellers had been just buried beneath the mass, we could entertain little doubt but that the party alluded to had fallen victims to the accident, and we therefore set earnestly to work, in the hope that, as probably not many minutes had elapsed since their entombment, we might happily be in time to preserve them from a premature death.

"In this expectation we were fortunately not mistaken; for, with the exception of the guide, who had been driven against a projecting piece of rock, and had received a violent contusion on the head, and one of the horses which had met with a somewhat similar injury, the remainder of the sufferers exhibited unequivocal signs of life. They were borne to the nearest cottage, and I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the lady, a woman of great beauty of feature, and apparently of rank, and her little boy, a fine child who seemed between four and five years of age, together with their attendants, gradually recover from the torpor into which they had been thrown.

" As the place where they were, however, could furnish no adequate accommodation for the night, and as Meyringen might be reached without difficulty in about three hours, I urgently recommended that, as soon as they felt themselves sufficiently strong to bear the motion of the horses, we should slowly proceed thither, promising them, as I might well do from my knowledge of his character, a most cordial welcome from my uncle, for as long a period as their present distressing circumstances might require. The evening was balmy and clear, the moon promised to burst upon us in full unclouded splendor, and giving up my horse for the accommodation of one of the party, and taking the bridle of that on which the little boy was carried fast asleep in the arms of his nurse, we set forward on our expedition.

" We were received, as I had expected, with the utmost kindness and attention, and in a few days both the lady and her son had perfectly recovered from the effects of their late accident. She was, I found, a woman highly accomplished, and possessed of very fascinating manners; but melancholy, it was evident, had long preyed

upon her spirits, and there seemed to be a burthen at her heart which she was in vain endeavouring to shake off. Gratitude to myself and to my uncle, and that esteem and love for his character which it was impossible to view in domestic life without quickly imbibing, soon brought about an intimacy between us, which under other circumstances might have required years to ripen. Her stay was lengthened from days to weeks, and she was gradually induced to unfold to us the circumstances which, at an early period of her career, had withered the bloom upon her cheek, and filled her soul with agony and remorse. They were such, indeed, as called for every aid that religion could minister, and I am happy briefly to say, that the effect was ultimately not incommensurate to our wishes.

"So highly, in short, did she appreciate the principles which had led us, both as men and Christians, to render her the services I have just related, and so strongly in particular was she impressed in my favour, as to make it her request, on learning the history of my past life,

that I would, if possible, return with her to England, and take charge of the education of her son. It was an arrangement, she said, so essential to her peace of mind, so necessary to render effective the good work which we had begun, that, enforced as her representation was by the consent and approval of my uncle, I found it impossible not to comply.

"She had for some time past deemed it requisite, she added, to conceal her real rank and title, and as we concurred with her in thinking that the continuance of this secrecy was not only required for her peace of mind, but for the future happiness of her child, (and here Mr. Walsingham more particularly addressed himself to Edward, whose agitation still remained extreme,) I hesitated not to pledge myself, in a manner the most solemn and obligatory, never, without her permission, to disclose her name, or the circumstances which, happily for herself I trust, her sorrow and contrition had entrusted to our keeping.

"It was then agreed, for reasons which I cannot now explain, that on our arrival in Eng-

land, I should fix my abode in this sequestered Valley of the Rye, a situation which, however silent and solitary, I preferred in my then state of mind, and do, indeed, still prefer to any one more public, and consequently more liable to interruption. It was in the summer of 1671 that I first became an inhabitant of yonder cottage," pointing in the direction of its scite, "and in two or three months afterward, you, my dear Edward, were consigned to my care; and I must add, that, as I had been, under Providence, instrumental in preserving your life, so I have ever felt a more than common interest in watching over your safety, and in conducting the progress of your education. I have cherished, indeed, the affection of a father for you, and never, as you have heard me more than once affirm, never but with the cessation of my being, shall I fail to afford you the protection which should flow both from the name and character."

Here Edward, oppressed by the tumult of his own emotions, threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and, after expressing in

the strongest terms which language could convey, his sense of gratitude and feelings of veneration, added, as he rose, and while the tears started in his eyes, "And am I never then, my dear Sir, to learn the name of the unfortunate woman who gave me birth?" "I will not say so," replied Mr. Walsingham; "a time will, I have no doubt, arrive, when all shall be made known to you." "And of my father, Sir," continued the agitated youth, "is he alive, and whither may I go to find him?" "It is not for your happiness or peace of mind, my son," rejoined Mr. Walsingham, with great solemnity, "that I should, at present, reveal him to you. He lives, indeed, but neither for his country, nor his friends. — But let us retire — the air feels close and dense, and I fear a storm is fast approaching."

As he said this, a flash of lightning passed through the Refectory, followed by a burst of thunder so loud and deep, as very sensibly to shake the mouldering walls by which they were surrounded. Hoel instantly started to the side of Lluellyn, and Edward at the same time

offering his arm to the old man, they immediately left the Ruins, preceded by Mr. Walsingham, who taking the most direct route to the cottage, they fortunately reached it before the rain, which shortly afterwards fell heavy and incessant for some hours, began to descend.

(*To be continued.*)

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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